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312 tion ditches because the sand in which they are built is so light that they easily break.

The main ditches are perhaps two to three feet deep; the others are quite shallow. The ditch system is not complex because most fields that are irrigated lie directly under the main ditches; others are fed by a few laterals. Maintenance of the dams and ditches is not a community affair, but devolves on those whose fields are supplied by the particular dam or ditch. They are dilapidated most of the time, being repaired only as needed. This is to be expected because the material is so light as to wash out easily and it would be futile to keep them up when not in use. There is no set regulation for the use of the water. The supply is large, the need is small, and apparently there is little friction over [578] rights to its use. Yet quarrels have arisen from this source.

241 Planting is a family occupation, even the children helping to dig holes. Garcés says:—

592 I had much complacency to see that as soon it was dawn each married man with his wife and grown sons went forth to till his milpas, taking the necessary implements, as hatchets, dibbles (coas), and hoes, all of which they procure from Moqui.[1]

As a rule each family plants as much corn as possible. Corn, beans, and squash are the staples, the year-round food. Corn (*teyă'dj*) is not planted 243 deep; 5 to 7.5 cm. being usual. Straight lines for the rows of hills may be drawn with the foot; their orientation is immaterial. Kneeling, the [412] first hole is scratched with the planting stick (*hwdlid*) in the manner of a canoe man wielding his paddle. This is a buckthorn branch (*Condalia lycioides* var. *Canescens* (Gray) Trel.), 2 cm. in diameter, 65 cm. long, with one end cut wedge-shaped.[2] The soil is loosened to a depth of 20 cm. and eight or ten kernels dropped in. Before putting the corn in the first hole, the planter prays:—

[539]

mĕdjpák	teyădjmehána		owi
growing	corn	good	I do it.

"Grow good: when your stalk grows, grow tall: grow like the mythic corn." Then he drops the kernels into the hole and chewing another, blows it toward the mythic corn, two white marks high on the canyon wall. These represent the two original ears given by the twin culture heroes.[3] Filling the first hole, he takes two short steps forward, kneels, and digs a second, and so on. The second row parallels this

[1] Coues, 345. A later statement (435), that tribes upstream from the Mohave lack crops, must be taken to mean that the Walapai and Havasupai had less than the Mohave. [114]

[2] Cushing, (a), 580, notes the use of a planting stick provided with a footrest, but my informants denied this.

[3] The Zuñi also pray at the first planting [Cushing, (d), 178–179]. [171]

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Boys are trained for the chase by precept and example, beginning in their ninth or tenth year; for success is far more dependent, in the native mind, on skill than on supernatural aid. Nevertheless charms are used and taboos heeded. Occasionally a calculus (*guugiilla*, deer —), sometimes as large as 5 cm. in diameter, is found in the paunch of a deer. This, the only charm known, is carried to the hunt on a thong hung about the neck. It proves fairly effective for deer, but for deer alone (?). One specimen (50.2–1629) is roughly wound with a reddened buckskin strap. Its elderly owner attached so much value to its powers that he has even guarded it from the eyes of fellow tribesmen. (Sinyella, for instance, has seen it but once.) He has repeatedly refused to sell it, even to a Navaho shaman who offered a horse. When he surrendered it to me, he was visibly moved: "You are taking my heart." Sinyella has one, 2.5 cm. in diameter.

I always carry this in my pocket when hunting deer, antelope, or mountain sheep, in order that they stand looking at me unsuspecting while I approach. When I have this I can secure plenty of big bucks; I need many buckskins. If a man dreamed of seeing many deer, I would give it to him to carry on the hunt. I found this last winter, but I have not hunted much since. Perhaps other men have them, but I do not know. Not all deer have these in their paunches. I do not know how they are formed.

Luck is acquired in dreams (p. 332), for a man may obtain the success prefigured there, although there is no certainty. One who dreams of a successful hunt will try his luck; any success within a short time is ascribed to the promise of the dream. The causal sequence does not weigh greatly. Jess, for instance, has dreamed on occasion of fawns passing near him, whistling as they went. He followed the fresh tracks in his dream. Yet, when he failed to find such signs when he went hunting afterwards, he thought no more of it.

Prayers to the sun and a definite magical procedure, of which Sinyella gave the following account, are prescribed before the hunt commences.

Long ago Mountain Lion and Wolf were men. They went hunting for deer every day, but tried many days without finding any. So they thought, "We have not found any. I wonder why. I will think out how I can kill them." So they said something that they might find them easily. Then they said, "We two ordain this. A man should bear in mind what we have said, then when he is hunting, but finds no game, he may repeat it and forthwith attain success." Men know of this today. When a number of men are going to hunt, the big chief issues directions. "We are all going to hunt. One of you should go a long way, two or three miles, just before it is daylight. There you should gather some old deer droppings in a pile, and set them alight until they are entirely consumed. When the ashes are cool, we will all go there."

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224 782 539 When they reach the appointed place, the chief and each of the others touches his finger to the little heap of ash and makes a mark at the corner of his mouth. Then the chief prays, addressing the rising sun:—

nyí·ĕn,ákídjà	pá'ámáhágà	tyúdjŏ
Sun, my relative	look at us	that is why I am here
pá'ámáwíwúkà	djipaimûh ttovà	má'dvukà
you should gives us	your domestic animals	let us see them quickly
inné'ºdja°àkà		
we want to kill some.		

So he talks to the sun: then some of the hunters kill many deer,

224 [833] On the other hand, sexual intercourse would interfere with the pursuit, for the animal would readily get wind of his pursuer or the latter would not be able to see any game. A man would therefore wait two or three days and then bathe before he went hunting.

Hunters sometimes wear a disguise when stalking antelope, deer, or mountain sheep (*ámauldjuwóvigà*, *dkwagádjuwóvigà*, *ámudjuwóvigà*, antelope, deer, and sheep stalking). The stuffed headskin of an antelope is worn on the head, while the body is painted pink and white to resemble that animal. Mimicking its actions, the hunter approaches within ten or fifteen meters before he lets fly. A deer head, similarly prepared, but with the addition of willow branches for horns, is worn together with a buckskin coated with ashes to represent the hide. When stalking mountain sheep, the same body disguise is used but the headpiece is the stuffed headskin of an ewe with horns of stuffed buckskin added.

These animals are also driven to localities where they may be conveniently shot. There are a number of places on the cliffs where an animal trail passes around a projecting point, so that they must proceed in single file in order to pass. The hunters build a low semicircular rampart of stones overlooking this place, in which the best shots may crouch with arrow fitted to string. Others drive the animals along the trail; by preference this should be a large party, for the animals are difficult to head off once they turn back. Those in ambush agree that one will shoot the first to appear, another the second, and so on. Game is also driven on to the point of a plateau, at the entrance to which bowmen have been stationed, some at each side and some in the middle. Other men are located at the tip of the promontory to drive the animals back for a second shot. Sometimes they are driven directly over the cliff. The brush and grass is sometimes fired to aid in these drives.

The carcass of a deer struck down by a mountain lion may be taken for food by the old men, but not by those with young children (p. 283).

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281 [412] have been cut along each border of the neck, aids in stretching this tough section of the hide. Excess moisture is scraped off.

281 237 Tan has been previously prepared. Fresh deer brains are roasted and mixed into a ball of yucca fiber. The raw marrow from the spinal canal is mixed into another ball. After being dried on the coals, these will keep indefinitely. The brain is used before the marrow. The brain and marrow of a single deer is ample to tan its hide; half is sufficient, but if the skin is not soft enough, more must be used.

281 One of these balls is worked up in cold water into a soapy liquor. Spraying mouthfuls of this over the hair side, as well as the flesh side at the ends, the skin is rolled up from the neck and tail inward. The legs which protrude from the double roll are wrapped around it to prevent drying out. After being set aside long enough for the tan to soak through, it is spread in the sun, hair side up, to dry somewhat. Now it is straightened, hung over a rail in the sun, and vigorously rubbed and pulled until soft and pliable. The seated tanner catching the skin under his feet stretches it in every direction. Rubbing and working with the fingers creates considerable friction which presumably melts the grease well into the pores. After a second working over the whole surface, it is laid flesh side up to dry in the sun. While rubbing the skin, at which [476] several friends may help, they sing:—

[539] Wâtim'a wa'a'agadj ahâwamuhavi
(a hero's name) he walks up in the water (i.e., the Colorado).

ya'i'vu'i'wlθa'

This completes the tanning, which occupies the day. During the whole process care has been taken to prevent the white skin from being soiled, resting it on an old blanket or heap of leaves. Skins are traded while yet [438] a little stiff, i.e., without the final rubbing, presumably because the fineness of finish depends solely on the amount of labor one wants to expend on it—and this is left to the ultimate consumer.

If it is desired to stretch the skin somewhat, little slits are cut entirely around its edges, and it is buried in damp earth over night, and pegged out in the morning. Moccasins, etc., which stiffen after a wetting, [294] are similarly buried over night and worked pliable in the hands next day.[1]

Mountain lion and deerskins are also tanned with the hair on. The skin is fleshed, after a little water is blown over the flesh side to soften it. (It must never be soaked.) After brain tan is sprayed over the flesh

[171] [1] The Navaho bury moccasins in the earth to make them pliable (Franciscan Fathers, 308).

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527 535 [439] The third day was occupied with horseracing and trading with five Hopi men who now arrived. The dance was given at night continuing until dawn. It was begun by Navaho and Hopi who sang their own songs.

[349] According to informants it is usual to provide two semicircular shades of branches set upright in the ground for the women to cook under.

The drum (*gweɬiɬ̣ómid*) is slung under the left arm. It is a section 534 of a hollow cottonwood log; one specimen (50.2–1632A) is 43 cm. high and 30 cm. in diameter, with hide ends laced together. The drumstick (*gweɬiɬ̣ómidt'i*) is of the looped type. In one specimen (50.2–1632B) a willow handle, 25 cm. long, terminates in a double loop of 11 cm. diameter, which is bound with cloth, the whole being painted red. Formerly, a skin was fastened over the mouth of a clay vessel containing a little water. Turning the pot over wet the skin and caused it to shrink taut. This was carried in the dance slung under the left arm. They do not drum on baskets.

624 537 782 539 The speeches delivered by chiefs are in part prayers. Sinyella prayed to the ground, the rocks, and the creek as follows:—

Inyámátvi	má'éváhag'i'i	dúyiiniyúdjik
my ground	ground, hear me	let us always live

áhánigwayóhag'i'i	ma'éváhag'i'i
I want always to live well	ground, hear me.

624 527 535 [171] The position of dance director is informally filled by any of the chiefs: it is not, as among the Mohave, the prerogative of an individual. In fact, the term *kahd't* (the equivalent of the Mohave dance leader, *kohota*) is applied only to a big chief. Nevertheless, there is a tendency for one man to assume and retain the initiative in this affair. But this has probably no greater significance than the direction over the horseracing assume by Panamida at present. According to Sinyella, his father's two older brothers (the eldest of whom was a chief) were directors, who passed their function to him when they died, but it is doubtful that this function was as formal as his statement would imply.

533 The song leader's position is equally informal. The present leader, Supai Jack, is universally recognized as the best singer, with the most perfect memory and fertility in inventing songs.[1] Many of the songs now sung were invented by his predecessor, Teyadjávà (corn thief), a chief, to whom he was unrelated. Teyadjávà dreamed he was dancing and singing the following song:[2]

[1] About 1900 James saw a Chemehuevi, who may have been a ghost dance advocate, acting as a song leader, (b), 252.

[171] [2] The airs of these songs do not resemble most of those of the Zuñi, nor according to the Havasupai, those of the Hopi; on the other hand, they have something in common with the Mohave songs they sing and also with those of the Southern Diegueño which I have heard.

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iniyŏ'kà ne he he ha iniyŏ'kà ne' e' e
he remains still

iniyŏ'kà ne he he ha iniyŏ'kà ne' e' e
yovàŋówa ste'e'e ìŋyówá ste'e'e

He dreamed he was in another country, where a cooling wind blew and girls in a little circle danced:—

mátwiydewasínowé'e
A fresh wind in that land

ìmátwiydewasínowé'e
másidjáhaiyanyowé'e
girls circle around

másidjáhaiyanyowé'e
mátvádjíma'wévowé'e

He dreamed he went to a strange land, where men continually danced while singing this song:—

wiyámŏ^k wiyámodjaíyŏ^k
go away somewhere hungry

wiyámŏ^k wiyámodjaí'yŏ^k
wiyámodji^k wiyamodjíoma'anŏ
wiyámodji^k wiyamodjíoma'anŏ

The same man also composed the two songs which follow:—

sí'iwi sí'iwi'i'i

sa'ádjúdja djígánamé hídjánwiyŏ'máwámümé'e
girls alongside circle around
sa'ádjúdja djígánamé hídjánwiyŏ'máwámümé'e

n,adjáwi'i hín,adjáwu'i hín,adjáwi'in
I do it
hímulá'adja hagan,an,owí
I am the man who names (himself ?)
hídjan,aŋa haviyín,ówŏ
girls stand alongside

The following song, typical of a class, is thought to be of Navaho origin:

ya'o'o'o
neya'o'o'o (repeat four times) neya'o'áŋwé
'Ineyŏŋ
neya'o'o'o (repeat twice) neya'o'áŋwé
'Inŏyoŋá heówiná heówe

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parents have eaten portions of deer carcasses killed and partly devoured by wolves or mountain lions, or of rabbits abandoned by eagles. The baby is sung over by the doctor who knows the songs about these animals or the eagle[1] as the case may be. Potions are not administered by the doctor nor by any other. The eagle song is as follows, the last line being repeated three times:—

sakàhútaŋa àsá
eagle eagle
ŋyàhátẽŋe ŋayanyàhátà
my domestic animal my dog
iyáwaiẽŋe yuwaíà
you concern my heart my heart
huyuwí'nõŋa hu
head head

Descumalaua's father was a snake doctor. A man who had been struck in the calf by a rattler came to his house. He immediately made short incisions all about the puncture, tied a ligature about it, and sucked out the blood. At night he sang just as a shaman does, waving a feather (the longest from the eagle's wing, covered with white gypsum) over the wound.[2] A ring of sagebrush (*Artemisia ludoviciana*) is put around the limb to draw out the poison, not the blood, on the ground that the snake may know and use this plant. The snake doctor can cure the bites of the three snakes recognized as poisonous, viz., àluwi'tavà, the prairie rattlesnake (*Crotalus confluentus* Say), haiwi'tà, the Pacific rattlesnake (*C. oreganus* Holbrook), àluwlhalàl'dàl'dà, the western striped racer. (However the last, a fierce fighter, is not a venomous snake).[3]

One who was struck by a snake would catch it and, grasping each jaw, attempt to split it in two. If the snake split quite to the tail, he would recover, otherwise he would die.

The shaman's rattle is a gourd, obtained from the Hopi. Each shaman presumably has his own, but one that belongs to a layman may be borrowed by those who want to cure. (One such rattle was also borrowed for the Mohave dance). They may also be inherited as part of the shamanistic properties.

[1] The Maricopa have eagle doctors "because they are afraid of eagles" (Mohave informants, Bourke (a), 172).
[2] Another time the informant said that this was a Walapai practice only.
[3] These are probable identifications made by Miss Edna M. Fisher from native sketches and descriptions. In addition my informant recognized three non-poisonous snakes: *alyallia*, the Arizona gopher snake (*Pituophis catenifer ruthveni* van Denburgh), *hanpaiàva*, the Arizona king snake (*Lampropeltis pyromelana* Cope), and *hatàmàlà*, possibly the spotted night snake (*Hypsiglena ochrorhyncha arizonae* Aynchus).

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782 778 ●539

Inyáin,ĭkádjădj máhánĭg mĭdjálĭgĭg gwipagávà'ámàwĭwŭg
sun my relative be good coming out do something good for us

pámatáhatáhódŏg gwégavà'awĭ'k
make me work so I can do anything I wish in the

matšnyúvĭg ĭ'ĭ'nyúg teyădjáhwálĭg ha'askă'lĭgà.
garden I hoe I plant corn I irrigate.

Inyán,ĭdj má'ahánĭg miyámĭg ŏŏmádópmĭg
you, sun be good going down at sunset

iyágĭgàsmávĭdj túyà áhánàhag'ĭg'ĭ
we lay down to sleep. I want to feel good

àsmámĭdjàálĭgĭg. vamà'ámàmiyúdjà
while I sleep you come up. go on your course many times

áhánàpa màwĭwug.
make good things for us men.

tuĭ'nyàvávà'áyúg In,údjĭgwa'yóhag'ĭ'ĭ.
make me always the same as I am now.

171 778 782 Prayers are also addressed to the springs where prayersticks are planted, but not to the dead nor to the mythical beings in Pueblo style. Prayer plumes are never placed in the tilled fields. "We have a creek to irrigate with: the Hopi plant prayer plumes in their fields because they have none and have to pray for rain all the time" (Sinyella). Such springs are located on the upper canyon level and on the plateau. But the practice has fallen out of use because reservoirs are now made on the plateau.

778 Prayersticks are planted in sets of three. These consist of a trimmed stick, 12 cm. long, from the upper end of which a bunch of down hangs by a short cord. Eagle down is tied to the first stick, turkey down to another, and that of a small piñon bird (*sdadodau*) to the third. These are thrust into the ground at the source of the spring, a circle is marked with corn-
539 778 meal about the source, and a prayer is offered:—
782

àhapŏ'k Inyahávà matŏ'kmidjálĭgà atiyéhag
spring I drink plenty more come I feel glad

àŏĭha.
I use it to drink.

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àswŏ'gà	gwewâlà	wi'và	mà'ûg	539
prayerstick	feathers	I put in spring,	look at it	778
				782

matŏ'kmidjpágàhŏgwíg'i.
plenty more come.

Taboos and Miscellaneous Magical Beliefs

Proscribed types of action are not numerous in Havasupai life; 784
whether they are less binding on that account remains to be discovered. What happens when taboos conflict, as may well occur, was put to a test. Sinyella, when reminded that the father of an infant may not eat nor even 753
touch a mountain lion for fear the baby will sicken, although quivers are 784
made of this skin, replied: "It is all right for any man to carry a mountain lion quiver, but a young man must not touch the beast's flesh. Should he find a deer of which the lion has eaten, he should put sand over the chewed parts. Old men can eat this meat, but not women with infants, for if one does the baby will have stomach trouble." On another occasion, asked why the baby sickened, he said that wolves, mountain lions, and eagles are bad animals; that they contaminate the carcass as with poison. As for the reason that it is the infant, not the parent, who sickens: "Mountain Lion and Wolf said long ago that it would be like that."

Other taboos affect the habits of a couple at birth (pp. 300, 304). 784
The unborn child will be left-handed if the mother uses hers (p. 300). There must be no intercourse before a deer hunt (p. 110). The dead are not named (p. 304) and the crops from a dead man's land are not ordinarily used (p. 233). A boy should not smoke until he kills a coyote and he does not eat his first deer (p. 324).

Magical practices mentioned in other connections may also be re- 789
sumed here. There are special observances at a woman's periods (p. 326): they drink an abalone shell concoction to conceive (p. 301). A string figure is made to forecast the sex of an unborn child (p. 300). The child's first hair is preserved so that later hair will grow, and the umbilical cord is smeared on the child (p. 304). The fate of one twin affects the other (p. 301). Arrowheads are worn to prevent misfortune and ear lobes pierced to prevent deafness (p. 194). Burning with a slow match prevents rheumatism and throwing it back improves the memory (p. 323). The property of the dead is destroyed (p. 292). There is a definite procedure before a deer hunt (p. 109). Mush is the first thing cooked in a pot to make it inexhaustible (p. 140). Race colts are sung over (p. 337). The musical bow is used to make an opponent lose (p.

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541 giẽa giyi giyi goldoŋ ȧvoŋhai isunéa heneyá (repeat)
789 gáčigánágóagó nóŋágábá isunéa hineyá
533
A second song is:—
[539] si'i'i'ike'ego hasiáŋá hasiáŋá hasiáŋáŋáŋá yóllgai

[177] These songs were learned from the Navaho by Bob's paternal grand-
[648] father, who was captured in the canyon and lived among them for forty years. The Hopi helped him to escape on an occasion when he visited Oraibi. Horsemen do not jockey for a start, but start from a standstill.

526 Only girls juggle (*djiydgd*). Two or three balls are caught in one hand as they walk about. These are stones, peach stones, or small wild gourds.[1]

Boys play a game wherein they throw darts, made of a cornecb on a stick, at a rolling tray basket.

Men and boys play a number of archery games. In one, two men roll a circular opuntia cactus, which has been placed in the fire so that the spines could be scraped off, from one to the other. A group of others standing opposite its path shoot at it. The target is called a mountain sheep, deer, etc. A variation consists in rolling a small barrel cactus, from which the spines have been removed, down a hill. The bow men, stationed along its course, shoot in succession as it passes.

In another game two opposing bands of bow men are seated fifteen yards apart. Beside each group there is an opuntia cactus raised obliquely on a pile of dirt so that it presents only one edge to the opponents.
[525] Arrows are wagered, which are won when the mark is hit in the center, which cannot be seen. A hit in the forward edge does not score. If the arrow strikes the dirt pile, lifting the cactus, the archer has a second chance. Holding the cactus together with his bow in his left hand, he tosses it up and attempts to shoot the flying missile. An opponent may try to make him miss by strumming on a bowstring. He holds the bow
[534] horizontally between his lips near one end and taps the string with an arrow. This is the only occurrence of the musical bow among these people.

A similar game consists in shooting at two wads of bark set up about 25 yards apart. Arrows are stuck into the ground until they are required
[525] for use. The parties shoot alternately. A single hit wins the stakes.

Wrestling contests (*gigwi'dwlgd*) are frequently indulged in by men and boys. Opponents approach crouching slightly and lock their arms about each other's body. The winner must hold his man flat on the ground. Striking, kicking, and biting are not permitted.

[1] They do not balance poles.

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524 that of the opponents, the latter is "killed" and must return to the starting place. The party first to complete the circuit wins.[1]

For the hidden-ball game (*náhovigd*) two furrows are dug in line, but some distance apart. The loose sand is heaped in a ridge down the center of the furrow. The hiding ball, about 4 cm. diameter, is cut from a yucca root. The sixteen tally sticks (*sdhúnd*), peeled twigs about 20 cm. long, are stuck upright in the ground midway between the two holes. The hider thrusts his hand containing the ball through one sand ridge, and as he draws it back, re-building the ridge over his forearm, leaves the ball in it. He then divides the ridge into four piles. Sometimes a blanket is held up to conceal his movements. To help conceal it, he sings:—

[539] wi ga imai nu'u maga djawid'ma tama wi'i ya
you don't know
amdja tama wi'i ta inim ma yaga wi[2]
to go back and forth

The opposing party approaches to guess in which pile the ball is hidden. This is accompanied by much banter, exactly as Ewing describes for the Walapai.[3] If they guess correctly they hide the ball in turn in their own furrow. If wrong, the hiding party takes a counter. The guessers are often given a second chance, but for each wrong decision the hiders take a counter. When all the counters have been taken from the central pile, they begin to draw on their opponents'. The side cornering all sixteen wins. When the hider has lost nearly all his counters, he sings:—

[539] sáhunω'dj mavωgigána kavinyáyuyẽ'ẽyútẽ'ẽ'ẽ
(I want my) counters (to) return (I am) expiring.

When having good luck he sings a meaningless refrain:—

pikitági'ná do wo wo wa (repeat)
pikitági'ná dó'haaaa

524 857 Children of four hide the ball with all the characteristic motions of their elders, although they do not play seriously until they are somewhat older.

Dolls (*gwedi''ẽ*, something to play with) are made of cedarbark for the use of little girls. String figures are made by children alone. Children put corn tassels in their hair, playing it is long.

Slings (*witdvid*) are playthings used only by boys for hurling stones at birds. The sling is fashioned of a rectangular piece of skin, having

[1] Culin, (b), 300. I failed to note how the chance passes to another player.
[2] This was sung in unstressed syllable, so that it proved impossible to divide it into words.
[3] Culin, (b), 371.

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HISTORICAL TALES

A Yavapai Raid[1]

●539 A little way above Lee Canyon in Cataract Canyon were some Havasupai camps. Three Yavapai[2] men came down the main canyon. Just a little way from the camp were some horses. A boy was sent to look for them early one morning. He could not find them. "I saw tracks where someone has driven the horses up the canyon," he said. My paternal grandfather, Big Jim's father and another man[3] followed the tracks up the canyon. They thought those men would go out by the Moki trial, but they did not; the tracks led on up Cataract Canyon. They thought that the three men might go out by another trail far up the canyon. Perhaps the enemy did not know that trail, for they kept right on up the canyon. When they were far up, the Yavapai stopped a little while. They were famished; they were going to kill one of the horses and roast the flesh. They gathered wood in a big pile. The three Havasupai came up and saw them. When the Yavapai saw them coming, they were afraid and ran off and climbed up the cliff. The Havasupai reached the horses, where the Yavapai had tied them. They untied them and led them off a little way. Then the Yavapai on the cliff said, "We got your horses, but we did not kill any. They are all alive; now that you came and got them, it is all right again. Just go right home." My grandfather said, "You are no good; if you had come down to our houses, it would have been all right. But you did wrong; you stole all our horses. We are going to kill all three of you. You made us run afoot and we are very tired; now we have got you here. I will send one of my men on a good running horse down to the village, to tell more to come. Then we will kill you three.'" So he sent one on a fast horse.

He got down here at the village very quickly and told the people. Some of them had good horses which they got ready, with some buckskins for shields, and rode up there where the enemy were. The Havasupai big chief, my grandfather, said to the enemy, "You Yavapai are no good. You stole all our horses; you are pretty bad men. We will do just as you intended; we will fight you—but we will kill all of you." Then they

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[1] These historical tales were told by Slayello. The first apparently dates from the first half of the last century.

[2] These raiding parties were probably throughout comprised of both Yavapai and Western Apache. They were described as tirikwt, meaning specifically Yavapai, but generically enemy. This was translated as Apache, which is used interchangeably with Apache-Mohave for the Yavapai when speaking English. [701]

[3] The narrator's interest seems to lie throughout in stating precisely who took part. The dead are rarely called by name.

[4] The colloquy between enemies is quite characteristic. One wonders if, despite their seriousness, these affrays are not in a sense blustering games.

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began to shoot at each other. There were many Havasupai; some of them went around and climbed up to the cliff; some did the same on the other side of the enemy; and some went right straight up the talus slope toward them. They kept shooting; all shot at once, and each time a lot of arrows flew at the Yavapai. In a short time, those three were wounded all over, but none of the Havasupai were wounded. After a time the Yavapai hid behind a big rock and built up a wall there. They were badly hurt, so they climbed up the white cliff where there was a somewhat better place to stay. They kept shooting down from there. The Havasupai big chief said, "Do not shoot too many arrows up there; just one or two of you shoot once in a while. If a lot of arrows are shot there, they can use them to shoot back." The three Yavapai kept shooting until they had no more arrows. Right up there where they were there were some small rocks. They rolled them down, until they had no more; they had nothing left. By this time the sun had set and it was dark. All the Havasupai were down at the foot of the cliff; they camped there, watching the Yavapai to prevent their escape. So they stayed all night. 539

In the morning the Havasupai cooked and ate until their stomachs were filled tight and they felt strong. My grandfather said to Panamida's father, "You are the man: I want you to climb up." Just two men climbed up; the other was Manakadja's father's father. The enemy threw some little stones at them. The latter parried the stones with buckskins hung from their left arms. They kept on climbing until they got there. Then Panamida's father seized one of them by the hand and pulled them down after him. Then he led the other two down similarly to where the other Havasupai were. All of them walked together down to the bottom of the canyon. They gave them some food to eat. Then they killed them one at a time. They cut around their heads just above the eyes and ears, and pulled off their scalps, throwing the bodies aside.

The Havasupai big chief said, "Let us take the scalps of these three men home with us to show the women and children and the old men." They brought the three scalps to the camps above Lee Canyon to let the women and children there see them. Then those people moved down here to the village. They showed the three scalps to everyone. They gave them to an old woman, who washed them with soapweed and cleaned them. A man got a good straight pole and tied all three scalps to its top. Some of the men cleared the ground and set up the pole; then everybody, men and women, came to see the scalps hung up there. Everybody felt glad and wanted to dance. Everyone danced around and hollered, clapping their mouths. The Havasupai said to the three scalps, 539 727 539

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539 "A long time ago some Rokiydgitig[1] were bad men. You came down here to steal and kill as though they had come to life. So we killed all three of you. You know we never go over to your country. We stay here and are good. You three were pretty bad men, so when you came down here we killed you all."

The Yavapai Raid of 1858

When I was ten years old [about 1858] the enemy came down into the canyon. There was one Havasupai camp where Smiley's house is now [see map, Fig. 50, no. 58]. Doctor Tommy's father, a Walapai, who had a camp near Pine Spring, came down to see his relatives near Smiley's place. After he had been here a few sleeps, some Yavapai came down and killed a Havasupai man and Doctor Tommy's father. They killed two. I saw them. It was just at dawn; after they killed the two, they went right back. They hollered when they killed the men; we heard them and were scared, so I ran and climbed to the top of the red cliff [the upper canyon level]. I was living on the west side just where the canyon turns above Navajo Falls. Then all the Havasupai followed the enemy. The Yavapai got a lot of things, buckskin, food, etc., and carried it on their heads and backs. The Havasupai followed and caught up with them a little above the head of the creek. The Havasupai called to them; the latter looked back, saw them coming and threw off their loads. They shot; pulled out their arrows from their quivers and shot at the Havasupai. They lined up on one side of the canyon bottom, the Havasupai on the other. Each party shot at the other: the Havasupai kept right on up the canyon, while the enemy stood their ground, shooting. The head chief, Captain Navajo, had a gun; Big Jim's father and another man also had guns; there were just three guns. Those three men were sitting close together; one shot first, then his neighbor, then the third. When the enemy saw the guns, they were scared, and ran off. They said, "I wonder what that thing is they are shooting with. We never saw guns" [!] They kept on going.

I did not go with them; I did not see the fight. I was only a little boy; I was scared and ran away, and then I stayed at home.

The enemy went a little way and stopped to fight again. They hit Barney's father in the bridge of the nose. They went on again. Six or seven Havasupai climbed up on the west side of the canyon where a trail led along the lower cliff face. Where they climbed up, the canyon is very narrow. There they waited until the enemy came up the canyon. These

[1] The animal-men characters of the myths.

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Havasupai held their fire until some had passed this narrow place. One 539
of the Havasupai following in the canyon bottom could see those men standing on a point of the cliff. He called up to them, "They are right below you now. Now is the time to shoot." One of the enemy heard him shouting and looked up to where the Havasupai were standing with drawn bows. Then the enemy cried, "ex ha"; ran across the wash to the opposite cliff and then on up the canyon. The Havasupai on the cliff ran along and waited for the Yavapai to come. But the enemy saw them, because they now knew they were there. So the Yavapai stopped a little while and shot up at them. They hit one up there, making a flesh wound in his thigh. Then one Yavapai stood and spoke to the Havasupai. One of the Havasupai had a little pistol which he shot at the man, hitting him under the ear, the bullet lodging at the back of his head. I saw him long afterwards, when he was a good man; he told me the bullet was still there.

The Yavapai went on without stopping until they were far above Lee Canyon, when they stopped again. They shot at each other. None of the Yavapai were hit. Then two or three Havasupai came back to get more buckskin and arrows and some black powder, percussion caps, and bullets. The enemy went on again up the canyon. After they had gone a long way, they stopped on a little brush-covered, isolated hill. It was nearly midday and the enemy were tired, so they rested there. The Havasupai surrounded it; they kept shooting. Some of the Yavapai were wounded. One of them had a bullet wound; he died there. They fought all afternoon. Then the Havasupai said, "We feel hungry now. Two or three men should go back to the village and bring something to eat." So two or three came back and got pumpkins, squash, beans, cornmeal mush, water melons—everything was ripe about that time—and some water which they carried to them.

After that they felt stronger. Then the head chief, Navajo, said, "We feel strong now; we will go right up to the enemy. Grab them and kill them." They said, "All right." Two of them went in front, each holding a long stick from which hung a buckskin. Panamida's father, a chief, had one and Jess's mother's father had another. These two went in front, while the others followed close behind. They advanced up the hill, while the Yavapai stood up there. The two with buckskins carried iron hatchets in their free hands. When the Havasupai were within a few feet of the Yavapai, the latter shot right through the buckskin and stuck Jess's mother's father in the left shoulder, so that his arm got weak. He said, "My arm is getting weak. I cannot hold it up much longer;

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539 we had better go back." So they walked back, while he held the skin up. Again they went up the hill with two men in advance with buckskins, until they were within a few feet of the enemy. When Panamida's father, who carried a skin, lowered his arm to look over, the Yavapai shot again. They hit him above the left eye. Again the Havasupai walked back with the arrow still sticking in Panamida's father's forehead. They walked back a long way and pulled the arrow out. By this time the sun had set and it was dark. They built big fires all around that little hill, where the Yavapai still stayed. Near midnight the Havasupai shouted to the enemy, but no answer came back because they were gone.

In the morning they saw where the enemy had come down the hill, walked across the wash, and climbed up the lower red cliff. They were gone. They carried off the one who had died on the hill. They took the body up on the cliff and hid it away before they ran off. Two Yavapai had been badly wounded; they went with the others but both died on the road. Later their bones were found on the plateau just beyond the Moki trail, with their arrows, blankets and a little water jug near a little fire that had been made for them. There were about twenty Yavapai.

The Paiute Residence among the Walapai

When I was about eight years old a lot of Paiute came down here; that was the only time they ever came to our village. Not long after, when I was twelve years old we heard that a lot more had come to visit around Pine Spring. The Paiute were afraid of the Mormons.[1] They had been their friends. The Mormons had new guns. One of them had said he would give his gun to a Paiute man in exchange for a Paiute girl as a wife. The Mormon gave his gun to the Paiute: the latter gave a young girl to the Mormon. That girl did not like the Mormon, so she ran away and hid. Then the Mormon had no wife, so he wanted the gun returned. But the Paiute would not give it up. The Mormon wanted to get the gun back, so he fought the Paiute man and beat him with his fists. The other Paiute were very angry, so they killed that Mormon. There were a lot more Mormons living there and the Paiute were afraid they would take revenge, so they fled to the Colorado River (*hagdiold*).

The Walapai living near Pine Spring came down to our village and told us all to go to meet the Paiute. The Havasupai all went: I was with them. The Walapai and Havasupai stayed together on the plateau while the men of both tribes went down to where the Paiute were gathered on

[1] The white settlers of Utah were adherents of the Mormon faith.

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the north side of the river. There they saw that the Paiute had built a raft, a gridiron of poles lashed together. They saw them put their belongings on the raft and push it into the water. Men got on all sides and pushed it before them as they swam. Then they threw the things off and went back to ferry more, until all the women and children were across. This is what the Havasupai and Walapai told when they returned. 539

Next day the Paiute came up on the plateau. I saw them; there were a great many. They came and camped with us. I saw that they did not wear many clothes. The men had bare bodies, breechclouts, but no leggings. The women wore only rabbitskin blankets on their bodies, tied over the right shoulder and down the right side; for skirts they wore deerskins with the hair on; some wore skirts of mountain sheep skin with the hair on. The skirts came down to their knees and hung even all around. All wore sandals of soapweed, which extended up around the foot only a little way. The women wore conical basket hats; the men had headbands of soapweed; some had their hair in a knot tied with yucca strong. Their arrows alone were pretty good.

They stayed with us. After a time all the Paiute went hunting deer. When they killed some, the Havasupai traded blankets for the buckskin. The Paiute would give the skins of two good-sized bucks for a blanket measuring about two and a half by four feet.

We all stayed together for a short time; then a little snow fell. Two or three sleeps after that, the Paiute cleared the ground. The Paiute head chief said, "We are going to dance." He said this after the sun had gone down and it was a little dark. The Paiute man who had killed the Mormon had his body painted entirely with red such as our women use. All he wore was a breechclout. He had a stick, about a foot long, with one eagle feather hung from the end and another from the middle, thrust upright in his headband on the right side. That man stood in the center of the dance ground; everybody formed a circle around him to dance just as we do here, but only the women sang. They sang two songs. I did not understand the words, but one was "Mormon." They felt glad about killing that Mormon. When the women had sung four songs, they stopped for the Paiute men to sing. The men sang while they all danced in a circle. The women danced first before the men joined them.

(I never saw those mythical (*Ikkáyápa*) times; the old folks told me of that. But these things of which I tell, I saw. I tell you about them; I give them to you.)

The Paiute who was painted red stood in the center for a little while only; then he joined the dance. It was just the same as we do

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539 here; they would sing a song and then stop; sing again and stop again; all night long, until the sun rose. When the sun had risen a little, they finally stopped. The next night when it was dark, they danced again until sunrise. They did this for many nights; they did not stop at all. They stayed there for quite a long time, but the Havasupai all came back to our canyon.

We stayed there until the spring planting. Then the Paiute men came down here, but no women, bringing buckskins to trade for blankets and other things they wanted. After they traded they went back and stayed there until our corn was ripe, when they returned, bringing their women with them. They came to stay as long as they wanted. There was plenty of corn, squash, sunflower, watermelon, and other good food. So for several years [ten or fifteen?] they lived up there and visited us when our corn was ripe.

The Paiute stayed with the Walapai around Pine Spring. Two Paiute men married Walapai women. Manakadja got the daughter of one of the Paiute men for a second wife; he brought her down here. He was not a big chief then. That Paiute woman had four children.

The Paiute brought more buckskin and mescal every time they came down here to trade, and they stayed here as long as they liked. Not very long after this time, when I was a young man and was married, the Paiute heard that it was all right in their country; that the Mormons were no longer angry; so they went back. All went back at one time: they have never come back since.

The Navaho among the Havasupai

A few years after the Paiute visit I saw the Navaho for the first time. I was then about sixteen years old. I heard the Havasupai say that a great many Navaho were coming this way. They did not know just where they were coming from. I heard that these Navaho were encamped on both sides of the Little Colorado River (*hagầel'lâ*). It was about this time of year [October]; the piñon nuts were falling to the ground. They grow plentifully at Moho Canyon[1] (*hùwdìlovâk,ôvd*, pine precipice): all the Havasupai went over there. Some Walapai were there with them.

Some of the men there said they wanted to go to Oraibi. They would take piñon nuts and buckskins with them. So they went by a direct route, crossing Cataract Canyon at *glicẖud* (near its head), where they

[1]Only an approximate location is given on the map, Fig. 1.

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camped. Next morning they went straight on, passing a little south of the present Anita, camping again a little beyond Red Butte. The next morning they went on. When they were halfway to the Little Colorado, they came on the fresh tracks of many men, so they stopped there while two or three scouted ahead to see what kind of men these strangers might be. They followed the tracks along the plateau above the Coconino Basin, where they found several camps of Navaho. The Navaho gave these scouts something to eat; then they returned to where the others were waiting. They said that they had found Navaho. The others said, "That is good; we will kill them all. Are there many?" Those who had seen them said, "Yes, there are not many. We are many more than they." 539

Early in the morning they packed their horses and went forward until they got to where the Navaho were encamped. Those Navaho had told others and they had collected at that camp; they wanted to do just as the Havasupai had done, to go to kill the enemy. The Navaho said, "Our big chief[1] is right below here, down in the Basin. You just go down there to our big chief's house." The Havasupai said, "That is all right" and they went down to his house and camped there. Then these Navaho sent word to all the Navaho for a long way around, and these came in great numbers to see the strangers.

This was the first time that the Havasupai had seen the Navaho. They did not know how to talk their language. When they first met, each people spoke their own language and used signs for eating and trading. At first one of the Navaho talked to them in his own language, but they did not understand. Then he talked in Hopi, and the old men understood that, so they used this language to converse in. The Navaho said, "Many of us are living in this country; some along the rim of the Grand Canyon, others far over to the San Francisco Mountains, and some far up the Little Colorado. There are only a few living here. Many white men came to our country far to the east of Oraibi; we do not know whence they came. They came little by little. After a few came we Navaho thought that that was enough: that no more were coming. The Navaho stole mules and horses from the white men, and killed some of them. We had done this many times, but more white men kept coming until there were a great many living back in our country. There the white men gathered together about half the Navaho—we are only half the tribe over here—and drove them to the east and south.[2] Those

[1] Navaho chieftaincy is here envisaged in Havasupai terms.

[2] In 1863 Col. Kit Carson invaded the Navaho country, killed many sheep, and took the greater part of the tribe (some 8000) as prisoners to Ft. Sumner at the Bosque Redondo on the Pecos in New Mexico. They were released in 1867. (*Handbook of American Indians*, II, 411.)

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539 white men are friends of the Ute, the Zuñi and all the Hopi pueblos. They wanted those people to fight too and drive us out, or kill us. All those people fight with us. We are afraid and so we came westward. That is why we are camping here where you see us."

The head chief of the Navaho said, "All you Navaho men listen to me. I think some of our men would like to kill these Havasupai. I think this is wrong. If you do not listen to what I say but kill all of them, other Havasupai living over there in their own country will come to kill us. That was what you did in our country and a lot of men came to kill us, so that we were afraid, and had to leave. Now we must be friends with these people. This is what I think; leave them alone and we will have a pretty good country. The country about here is pretty good. I want you to listen to what I say and be good to the Havasupai. If you do not heed and kill even two or three of them, things will be different." Then the Havasupai, who saw these Navaho, came back to Moho Canyon and told what they had seen. Then I came back home here in the canyon, and the Navaho came down here, and I saw them too.

Before those Havasupai came back, the Navaho big chief said, "Be good friends with them" and the Havasupai big chief, Panamida's father said the same thing, but the Navaho persisted, "We want to fight them." The Navaho big chief went around among them saying, "No, do not fight: that is wrong." The Havasupai stayed over night and in the morning the Navaho big chief said to them, "I will go back with you," and that morning they came back. They got as far as Grand View, where another Navaho big chief had his camp. The Navaho said, "You are our chiefs; do not hold us back. We want to kill these people." Those Navaho like to talk of going to fight all the time. One of them said, "These Havasupai are not good men. A long time ago some of them came to a place a little east of the present Tuba, where I had some horses. They killed all of my family, my wife and children and some other women. I was not home then. They killed them and stole all my horses. That is why I want to fight." The Navaho chief said, "Do not talk about old things like that to fight about. You say you have no wife: you can have my young daughter for a wife; but do not kill these Havasupai: let them go. Be good friends," and he gave him his daughter. Then that Navaho man said, "All right; that will settle it."

The Havasupai stayed another night at Grand View and the next morning the Navaho head chief gave them something, saying, "I am glad to see you people We will be good friends to you and you must be friendly to us; then all will be well. Back in my country those people

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are not friendly. They would like to kill all of us. They hunted me, and are still coming. All right. You Havasupai go back home and tell the others. We Navaho will camp near here. You tell the others that. After a time we will move slowly toward your village. When we arrive down there some time you can see us again." The Havasupai said, "All right; that is a good way. You come down to see our village." Then they came back the way they had gone and reached Moho Canyon. When they got home they said, "We have not been to Oraibi; we met the Navaho. After we saw them, we turned back. The Navaho chief said that they would move westward slowly and soon would all come down to our village." 539

After a short time we came home [to Cataract Canyon] from Moho Canyon bringing lots of piñon nuts. A little while after this, a few Havasupai were camping above the Moki trail. We heard that the Navaho, who were living a long way off, had ridden this way and found those Havasupai up there. The Navaho visited these people repeatedly. When we heard of this, the Havasupai down here wanted to go up on to the plateau to wait for the Navaho. They wanted to see them. So a number went up there and I went with them. We all camped together. After a few sleeps the Navaho men began to drift in, but none of their women. The Navaho said that they brought blankets to trade for food. We gave corn for blankets, about one tray full of shelled corn for a saddle blanket; if the blanket was big, we gave the shelled corn to the amount of a good-sized small burden basket (*gaθδkk'ê'djd*) full. Two bundles of dried squash, about two feet long, were traded for a big blanket. Beans were valued high; only one small tray basket full, just level, was given for a good-sized blanket. The biggest burden basket full of shelled corn was traded for a horse. When we traded buckskin, the skins of two big bucks with a little corn in a sack to boot, were given for a horse. Those Navaho came from the country around Grand Canyon and Red Butte to trade for corn.

When it was spring, after all the snow had melted, and there was no drinking water up there, all the Havasupai and Navaho moved. Some came down by Lee Canyon; others came by the Moki trail (*itcihud'gdwdwagwod*, enemy scalp place). They camped up there in Cataract Canyon where the little springs are. Some of them came farther down and camped near the village at the head of the creek. It was about planting time. Most of them stayed up at the little springs and gathered mescal to bake. When the corn and beans were ripe, they wanted to trade. Those men in the east had stolen most of the Navaho

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539 horses so they did not bring many here. Some had two or three, others five or six. The Navaho up the canyon and those down at the creek thought what they might trade for corn and beans. So they killed some horses, dried the meat, and brought that down to trade. Some had a few sheep with them and they butchered these too. The Havasupai had many horses then; they ate their meat too. This is the way the Navaho traded, with horses, sheep, blankets, bracelets, necklaces, bridles, and all such things, until they had nothing more to trade with. So when some Navaho woman saw some Havasupai man alone, she proposed to lie with him, in exchange for corn and other things; the man gave just enough for one meal, not very much.

At that time I was about seventeen years old and I did not understand such things. An older man and I went up near the Walapai trail, where his corn was ripening. The Navaho were stealing corn all the time. We stayed there to watch it. After a little while, we saw a Navaho woman come into the cornfield. She wore bracelets; she wanted to trade them for corn, but he said, "No, I do not want them." She sat down and talked to him for a long time; he thought he would give her corn if he had his will of her. So he told me, "You go home a little while and then come back again," so I went away but after a time I went back. He was there alone; the woman was gone. I asked him, and he said, "Yes, we did pretty well," and he showed me the spot.[1] He had broken off a lot of ears and given them to her. He had a horse tied close to the cornfield, so he broke off the cornstalks, and I gave them to the horse, two or three armfuls.

Soon when the corn was ripe they gathered it. Those who had big fields got the Navaho men and women to gather it for them, and gave a little of it in payment. We were very friendly with the Navaho. They stayed here in the village. The Havasupai got the Navaho men to work for them. They did these things very well.

After a time one of the Navaho men found four or five big buckskins hanging on a pole stuck in a crevice. Those buckskins belonged to Jess's father's father. George's father had a bridle and other things hanging with the buckskins. A Navaho man stole them and climbing up on the upper canyon level, got away. Jess' grandfather did not know when the man went, whether he had been gone a day or only that morning. Jess's grandfather followed his tracks and then came back. Then he and George's father set out up the canyon, up Lee Canyon, and followed his

[522] [1] Humor takes this turn among them at least as freely as it would among ourselves.

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tracks up tovŏk,óvà canyon. They continued after him where the old road follows the rim; his tracks seemed to be one day old. They went a little further, but a summer rain had washed out his tracks. So they followed the trail and after a little way, they heard someone coming toward them. They met a Navaho mounted on a mule. They stopped and talked a little while. First the Navaho said, "Back in my country some white man gathered us up and took us back east. When we got to the place where they kept me, they said to us, 'Are you going to kill or steal any more?' and we said, 'We are all right now'. We are all home again now, and all our other people are down in your village. That is why I am going to see them; some are my relatives." Then the two Havasupai asked him, "Did you meet any Navaho man back on your road?" and he said, "No." The Havasupai said, "All right; you come home with us. That is good." So they brought the man with them. He had a lot of things packed on his mule. 539

The two Havasupai were very angry. When they got to the head of tovŏk,óvà canyon, the sun set. They came down the trail a little way; then the two Havasupai said that they would like to sleep right there. So they built a fire and ate there. The Navaho could not understand their language; with him they used gestures. These two wanted to kill him while he slept. "A Navaho stole our buckskins and other things, so we want to kill him," they said. They watched him, but he did not sleep because he suspected. It was nearly daylight before he began to snore. One of the Havasupai had a little pistol. He held it to the Navaho's head, but it only snapped; again he tried without success. The Navaho heard the slight noise. A third time the Havasupai fired it, shooting him in the forehead, and killing him. They took off all his clothes, took his pack, and divided the spoil. There was a pistol, nearly new; Jess's grandfather took that. They said, "What are we going to do with that mule?" "I think it is better to kill it. We will lead it to our house in the village. I will shoot it from one side, and you from the other, and kill it quickly." So they brought it down to Jess's grandfather's house. They killed it with arrows there. Everybody came and skinned it. Every man cut off a little meat and took it away; the Navaho did so too. Then other Havasupai asked those two, "Where did you get that mule? What did you do to the man who stole the buckskin and fled?" They said, "That man got away; we did not catch him. We met another Navaho riding that mule and brought him with us. We camped just below the rim on the trail; we killed the man there. He had some blankets and other things; we took those and hid them up in the canyon. All we brought

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539 was the mule, so you people could have some meat." That day the Navaho recognized the mule, and those living here in the village became frightened and fled. Next day they traveled fast; all went back toward the east.

The Walapai and Havasupai raid the Yavapai

I never saw the Yavapai and Walapai fight, but heard of it when I was a little boy.

Some Walapai were camping at Pine Spring where the Paiute had danced. Some of the enemy came to fight and killed many of them. A Walapai came down here to Cataract Canyon and told the Havasupai that he wanted some to go to war. Some agreed. Then they told the Walapai to return to his camp and tell the Walapai to come down. When they all came, they asked for some corn, beans, and other things for provisions, for they had nothing to eat. The Havasupai said, "All right." Then the Havasupai chief talked: "We do not want to go to war, but if you need men very badly, then you can take some of them with you." There were lots of Walapai. The Havasupai said they did not want to go to war; they did not know how to fight. So the Walapai all returned home.

The Walapai chief said that all his people were going to war. But I did not see him; I just heard of it.

When the Walapai were ready to go, three Havasupai went with them: Rock Jones' father, Kaſoda's father, and Teskimalauwa's mother's brother. They were going to the Black Hills [near Jerome] where quite a number of the Yavapai lived. They found them in the night. Then the Walapai chief said they would send half their number to encircle the enemy camp. Early in the morning some of the Walapai rushed on the enemy. One Yavapai was just starting out to hunt antelope; he saw the Walapai about to start. He shouted and ran back to tell the others. Then the Walapai halloaed and ran after them to fight. The Yavapai scattered. There were a great many Yavapai; they had all gathered at this place. They said the Walapai were but few, so they had intended going to kill them. When the sun came up, the Walapai, who had surrounded the camp, went in to fight. They fought and chased the enemy. The Walapai, running behind, caught the Yavapai by the hair and beat them down with clubs. They ran along, killing many of the enemy. When they killed several of them, they returned to their camp and then set out for home. One Walapai, a chief, had been killed.

After the Walapai had returned, the Yavapai said, "We are going to war again." They went over to Walapai Mountain, where many Walapai

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were camped. They fought, killing many of the Walapai, just as the Walapai had done. This was perhaps a month after the first foray. When the Yavapai returned home they said that one Walapai chief, a big man, was the one who had killed so many. The Yavapai chief said they ought to go to war again in order to kill that man. So they went to raid at the same place on the eastern side of Walapai Mountain where some Walapai were camped. They saw there the big man whom they wanted to kill. He picked up a baby and ran. Some Yavapai ran after them and shot him in the thigh. When he was hit he threw the baby away. The Yavapai chased and shot him again. They shot him several times before they killed him. That Walapai big chief, Watelmôdâmâ, had killed so many of the enemy at their camp; that is why they wanted to kill him. 599

After they killed him they returned to the Walapai camp. The Yavapai chief took a Walapai horse, and rode off a short distance where some Walapai were grouped. He stood there and spoke to them: "This is the man I wanted to kill." Then a Walapai, who rode a race horse, circled around into the little canyon where the enemy were, and chased them as they ran, and shot at them with arrows. He hit the Yavapai chief right in the side, killing him. Then the enemy all went home.

Then a Walapai chief said, "We do not want to fight any more. So many of our people get killed, that it is not good." So the Yavapai agreed, and they and the Walapai never fought again.

The Ute Residence among the Walapai

When I was a boy, after the crops were gathered, the Havasupai went up on the plateau for the winter, because there was not enough firewood down here. They stayed there to hunt in the snow. I remember that when I was about seventeen years old we camped on the plateau near the Moki trail. There were plenty of deer there, of which the others killed a great many, but I did not get any. There were a good many men in this camp. Four Ute[1] men came there; they said they came from tănyăkâ [the canyon leading north to Pierce Ferry on the Colorado River in the western part of the Walapai reservation]. They said there were many more Ute staying there with the Walapai. One Walapai man who knew the road led them to our camp. Each of them had a gun which he traded to the Havasupai for blankets. They stayed for three sleeps.

[1] These are clearly Ute, not Paiute although they came via Paiute territory.

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539 One of the Ute, their big chief, traded his gun with Jess's mother's father; another gave a gun to Captain Navaho; another to [his older brother], Manakadja's father; and the fourth gave his to a young man. They received one big blanket for each gun. They also gave ten charges of black powder—not much in each—ten bullets, and ten percussion caps; for all this they got one skin of a fair-sized buck from the Havasupai. Ten silver shoe buttons made by the Navaho, were also given for the same amount of ammunition. After three sleeps, they started back when the sun was nearly down. They went down the Moki trail and got into Cataract Canyon when it was dark. They went on up a trail leading out on the west side, and then north along the rim of the plateau until they reached Wasákwiyamă's camp on the Walapai trail. They hunted around there for his horses—he had many of them—and stole them all. When they had driven them halfway to Pine Spring, they killed one right on the road. They camped on the other side of Pine Spring. Next morning they went by the same road they had come on and finally got to the Ute camps.

There the Ute said they wanted some food: their provisions were gone. The Ute said that they wanted all the Walapai to come to their camps. They wanted the latter to make provisions for them to carry home. The Walapai brought some for them. The Ute said, "We want all of the Walapai; tell more to come. Tell them to bring some buckskins with them; we have lots of horses to trade." The Walapai said, "All right," and then they all came bringing buckskins. Then the Ute big chief said, "Our people should get ready, saddle their horses, and pack them. Then we will kill all the Walapai." One Paiute man who was with the Ute heard this and told the Walapai. But the Walapai said, "We are good friends of the Ute; we do not think they want to kill us."

One of the Walapai had a pistol. A Ute said to him, "Let me see your pistol. Let mesee if I can hit something. If it is pretty good, I will give you a horse for it." He gave it to the Ute, who shot at a mark. Then he re-loaded and asked the Walapai for a bullet, which was given him. The Ute first put it in his mouth and put it in the pistol with a patch. Then he put on a percussion cap and gave it back to the Walapai. Then the Ute big chief shot a Walapai man and the other Ute began shooting, too. The Walapai ran away, the Ute chased them; they had good horses. They killed a great many Walapai. Then they turned back home toward the north. The Walapai spread the news everywhere: some men came with it to Pine Spring and then further east to the Havasupai. Then ve who were up the Moki trail heard of it.

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This was in the spring. There was still a little snow on the plateau 539
when we moved down into the village. They were playing shinney down here then for buckskins and other things, blankets, powder, and percussion caps. Half the Havasupai went up the trail above Austin's house (no. 41, see map, Fig. 50) to the upper canyon level; the other half went up the west side of the canyon with Wasákwivámă, a big chief, to wigàsŏlà [the springs west of the canyon]. I went with the first group out the east side to wigàllàllà [pointed rock, the peak at the corner formed by Cataract and Grand Canyons] to gather mescal on the red sandstone bench in the Grand Canyon. We camped at ahágàmàhŏnŏ'tà spring [cottonwood knob; these were little trees with rounded tops] north of the peak. We roasted mescal, pounded it, and spread it out to dry in sheets. Wasákwivámă was camped in the angle between the next canyon west and the Colorado River. One of our men went down to the point between the Colorado River and Cataract Creek (havàsŭ), making a signal fire at short intervals, so that Wasákwivámă might see it. Wasákwivámă came down to the point in his angle. The two canyons (Cataract and the next one) which came together here are very narrow, so that they could talk across. Our man said, "We are going down to our houses in the bottom of the canyon. We are going to live there again." Some said they would go down above Navaho Falls and live up on the cliff to the west of it. Supai Jack's father, my father, and Jess's mother's father said, "We think we had better camp right up here on the ledge [above camp no. 42]. We know the weather is not good." It was cloudy and rainy, and the wind blew hard. They heard the screech owls and the big owls hoot, *gàwĕvĭkyûg* hun hun hun (something comes from the south), and they were afraid, for owls mean something very bad; perhaps an enemy is coming when the owl hoots.[1] We camped up on the ledge. We were there three sleeps, when early in the morning the Yavapai came down that trail. Jess's mother's father saw them first, and woke the other two camps: *Ucàhudvĭdj vamdmlgiu* (enemy are going by), he whispered.

The Third Yavapai Raid[2]

The enemy came from the south straight across the plateau, from the Moki trail to the rim of Grand Canyon at Apache [?] point from which a canyon leads back to Lee Canyon. They got to the rim and looked down on the red bench [the upper canyon level], but could not see any smoke. So they followed the rim westward to the corner of Cataract

[1] The call of a scout.
[2] This was about 1860–65.

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539 Canyon, wigisiyávà. There were about two hundred of the enemy. They saw no campfires, so they followed the rim southward along Cataract Canyon. There were a lot of horses in a little canyon, ßata'mivo, near the point. Some of the Yavapai scouted ahead for the Havasupai; when they saw no one, they told the main body which moved forward. Then they descended by the foot trail into this little canyon. So they got all those horses. Then they came up along our canyon on the red bench. They found a lot more horses near the white peak north of here [near the corner of Grand and Cataract Canyons]. These they captured too. There were fresh tracks of some Havasupai, who had camps near that peak, leading this way. The Yavapai followed these. When they reached the south side of the white peak they sent scouts to look down into Cataract Canyon. These returned and told the others, "Yes, there are a lot of men staying in the canyon who are clearing the ground and burning the brush. It is pretty fine for us." The Yavapai came to the head of the canyon leading down back of Captain Jim's house [no. 29, see map, Fig. 50], where there were a lot of horses which they captured. It was late then, the sun was setting. They said, "You women (there were six of them) should drive the horses after us. We will go ahead." So they came.

They started before daylight. They did not know the trail. It was so dark that they got lost in a difficult place. It was dawn when they came down the trail above Austin's house [no. 41]. Captain Navajo and Olaúwà's husband (Captain Gave) were living in the caves above Billy's house near this trail. I and my father[1] were living up on the red cliffside just above these caves. Jess's mother's father had a camp near ours. Supai Jack's father had a camp there too, but this was nearer the trail. He heard them make a little noise as they came down the trail and saw them first.[2] He ran over and whispered to my father. We were still sleeping; my father woke me. My father and Supai Jack's father did not stop to put their clothes on. They slung on their pouches containing bullets, powder, and percussion caps; grabbed their guns, and we ran off. I went with the women; we ran to the north, climbing the cliff.

Twenty Yavapai were already down in the village just a little below Austin's house, when these two men loaded their guns, ran to the point above the house, and shot down at those who were running along the road below. The Yavapai had not yet found anyone. Other Havasupai, living down the canyon where Smiley's house [no. 50] now is, heard the

[1] This is the invariable sequence of personal pronouns, at least in speaking English.
[2] This differs from the preceding tale (p. 371).

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shooting and ran down the canyon away from the firing. About ten Yavapai went down the canyon following them. There were a great many more Havasupai down where the canyon wall turns above the falls. These men got ready and came up the canyon to meet the enemy. When they met them they drove them back, shooting all the way, until they forced them back to the point from which they had started. Then I slung stones at them.[1] 539

Captain Navajo and Captain Gave had their wives with them in the caves. They saw the Yavapai while they were still descending the trail right past the entrances of the caves. It was pretty hard for these two to get away from that place, so they kept quiet and stayed there. Captain Navajo had two guns. He gave one to Captain Gave. They loaded these and waited. After they saw no more Yavapai passing, Captain Gave thought that there were no more. So he ran out and up that trail. When he had got part way up, he met the remainder of the Yavapai driving the horses down it. They shot at him and hit him in the thigh. He found a good place to climb the cliff and ran to join us up on the upper canyon level.

Captain Navajo stayed in the cave until the Yavapai saw him. They climbed right up toward it. Captain Navajo's cave was at one end of a ledge; so, followed by his wife carrying her baby, and an old man, his mother's brother, he ran along this until he came to a break about six feet long, which he had to jump. He ran on to a similar gap, which he also jumped, followed by the others, until they came to some big rocks at the point above Billy's house [no. 42], behind which they stopped. From there they shot at the Yavapai and the three others right above them (Sinyella's father, Supai Jack's father, and Jess's grandfather) shot down too.

Many more Havasupai came up the canyon and chased the Yavapai across to the point with the two pinnacles on the west side of the canyon. There were some Yavapai still below, who called to the Havasupai, "We have not eaten yet. We are going to fight you all this day until tomorrow." So those Yavapai over on the point built fires, killed a horse, and broiled its flesh on the coals. After they ate, about half of them crossed back again. They skirmished along the creek, where Richard's and Bert's houses now are in the middle of the canyon [nos. 32 and 33], while the Havasupai were gathered up on the point of the cliff at the foot of the trail by which the Yavapai had descended. The Yavapai did not come near when they shot at the Havasupai, so their arrows did not carry.

[1] The sling is not seriously a weapon (see p. 340).

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539 The Havasupai had plenty of guns and could shoot down. Some of them said to Captain Burro, "You said you could hit something at that distance; try this, let us see if you can hit one."[1] Captain Burro said, "All right, I will try and see if I can hit one," so he came a little way to the edge of the point, and sat there. He shot one Yavapai, who fell right over, for his thigh bone was broken.[2] Then all the Havasupai hollered and rushed down the hill. Some of the Yavapai wanted to rescue the wounded man, but the Havasupai kept firing, so that they had to leave him and retreat across the creek with the rest. The Havasupai dragged the man back to the base of their point, chopped off his head, and carried it up with them. This Yavapai had vertical lines, alternately black and red, painted on his face. After a while, the enemy came across again and shot arrows up.

After a little while Captain Navajo went down the hill under the cover of the bushes, and went close to the enemy. He shot one of them under his left arm, killing him. Captain Navajo dragged him away, took off the Yavapai's clothing, and cut his head off, too.

The Havasupai said, "We want ten or more of our men to go down off the point and up along the middle of the canyon, and go up on top of the red cliffs by the trail on the east side [above camp no. 16]." So ten or twelve of them started off. When they were in the middle of the canyon among the mesquite bushes, they saw the Yavapai, who had crossed the creek a little higher up, coming toward them. The Havasupai were afraid and were chased back to the point. Some of the young Yavapai were good runners and nearly caught them. The Havasupai jumped across a little arm of the creek and ran up under the point where they had the protection of those shooting from above. These then drove the enemy off.

Prince's father went down, and crossing the creek under cover, went up the side canyon to the west. He climbed up on top of the red cliff back of the Yavapai and came around on the point above them. They did not know he was there. He pushed big rocks off the cliff on to them. They made a thundering noise which frightened the Yavapai so that they left that place and started up the canyon. I was on the cliff and saw them fighting. I could see a lot of horses and men going up the road and kicking up so much dust it looked like a fog. The Havasupai came down off the point and followed them through the village. The Havasupai said, "This is pretty good. They came down here, and now we are glad,

[1] He is still treated somewhat as a butt for their jokes.
[2] The distance is about five or six hundred feet.

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because we can follow them and kill more of them." The Yavapai fled as fast as they could, so that the Havasupai could not catch up with them until they were a little above the entrance to Lee Canyon. The enemy stood there to fight a little while. Right there are good places to climb up on the red cliffs. Many of the enemy climbed up on both sides and came back down the canyon on this level, while the rest waited in the canyon bed. They wanted to trap and surround the Havasupai. But these knew of their stratagem, and as the enemy came along the cliffs, the Havasupai retreated. So they came back home. 539

After they returned, they cut off the scalps of both men, and tied them on a pole. They cleared the ground and planted the pole upright. Then they danced around this. That is what I saw; that is the way they did in the old days. They kept the two scalps, so they could have a dance whenever they wanted.

Two years after this a Yavapai came down and said, "We will all be friends with one another. It is not right for us to kill each other; our language is nearly the same. It is not right; we ought to stop and be friends." All the Havasupai said, "All right." So he went back and told his people. So a lot of them came down here with buckskins to trade and as presents. The Havasupai gave them lots to eat, and they were glad. So sometimes they brought women down here and there was no more fighting.

Peace at Oraibi

Shortly after this raid we went down to the lower part of the village, on the west side of the canyon above Navajo Falls. There we lived in the bottom of the canyon under a shade, a box-like house. There we planted corn, beans, squash, sunflower, and everything. When the corn came up, I scraped [hoed] out the weeds. We stayed there all summer. All the crops were getting ripe when we moved down to the ledges on the west canyon wall above Navajo Falls. Everybody went there to live on the cliffs. Nobody went away. We all stayed together. We were afraid the enemy would soon return. We gathered all the ripe corn and beans and other crops, and piled them on the canyon floor just below our camps. When they were fully dried, we stored them all in the stone storage houses along the cliffs.

It was then early fall and the Havasupai began to scatter. A good many started to go to gather piñon nuts where someone had said he had seen plenty lying on the ground. They went up Lee Canyon and out by tovõk,ôvà (precipice) trail, and along the road on the plateau for about

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seven or eight miles to ḳwâganon,agiakŏ't (deer trails between the hills). They camped there and gathered the nuts. After some time when they had a great quantity, they said, "We want to go to Oraibi, to take the piñon nuts over to trade." All the men went, leaving their women. They camped at Rain Tank [east of Grand Canyon Station]; next night they camped on top of the mesa, huwai'gătidâ (rock water hole) to the west of the Little Colorado River. Next morning they crossed the river and made their next camp up on the plateau on the east side. The next day they arrived at Oraibi. They stayed there but one sleep, when in the morning they saw a signal fire to the south. The Hopi chief sent two of his men down from the mesa to see. These two met a great many men coming, Yavapai and Apache. They sent the two Hopi men back to tell that they were coming. The Hopi ran back as hard as they could and told the others: "The Yavapai and Apache are coming together. We met a great many men." The big chief[1] of Oraibi said, "You Havasupai must not be seen here. I do not want those two peoples to see you. I will think how I will dispose of you and what I will do about this crisis. All you Havasupai hide down in a lower room in a good place. We will let the Yavapai and Apache come into our houses; then we will trade with them and buy their bows and arrows. When we have bought all these, then you can come out and show yourselves. Then if the Yavapai and Apache want to kill you, we Hopi and you together will kill them."[2]

I was not with them; I stayed at home with the women to pick up nuts. My father, Wasâkwivâmă, Captain Navaho, and Jess's mother's father and a lot of lesser men were there in Oraibi. Wasâkwivâmă, the big chief, said to the Hopi, "I do not want to hide. We will stay out here; let the Yavapai and Apache come in and see us. Let us see what they will say. If they say they want to kill us, I think we will fight. I think that is best." The Hopi said, "All right. You people talk with the same words [i.e., speak similar dialects]: talk to the Yavapai." So Wasâkwi'vâmă said, "I will talk about being friends. I will tell their chief to keep his people from always killing so many of ours. If he says 'No,' then we will fight."

The Yavapai came to the base of the mesa and camped there. All the Hopi went down to meet them, and shook hands all around. Then the Havasupai showed themselves to the enemy and went down to shake

[1] The narrator is projecting Havasupai organization in Oraibi.

[2] Oraibi figures throughout these tales as a sort of neutralized trading post. Its people are uniformly represented as friendly to the Havasupai rather than the enemy. Yet it seems reasonable to suppose that they made the same show of friendship to the others. Incidentally, the only Hopi town that the Havasupai had contact with is Oraibi, the westernmost.

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hands in the same way. When the greeting was finished, one of the Yavapai, who knew Wasâkwivâmâ, said, "All right, we just met you here; we will talk about being friends." Wasâkwivâmâ said, "That is what I think; I want to talk friendly too." The big chief of Oraibi said, "I want you Yavapai and Apache to stay right here by this spring. Then my people will bring their blankets and other things down here to trade. They will also bring things to eat." The Yavapai big chief said, "I do not want to do that. If I come to be your friend, to visit for a few days, we ought to go right into your houses. When a man travels around to visit, nobody leaves him outside this way. We want to go inside your houses and sleep there. Your people should treat mine right." The Havasupai all said the same. "That is the best way. If all go in there, it will be all right," they said to the Hopi chief. So he said, "All right." They all went up into the town and scattered, two or three men went into each house. 539

In the evening the Havasupai said, "We do not know which Hopi has the biggest house, so that all the chiefs can gather there and talk all night." One Hopi, we called Hopi shaman[1] (*mok^{a}gl0ĭ'*,) was chief. "His house is all right; we will all go in there and talk," they said. When they were all in that house that night, they said to the Yavapai big chief. "You go ahead first and say what you think." So he spoke first: "My people have gone out to kill various tribes. We do that all the time, but it is wrong. We used to fight Mohave, Walapai, Havasupai, Navaho, and your people, the Hopi. We will not do that any more. This is the truth I tell; I do not lie. That is why I came over here." Wasâkwivâmâ spoke next: "All right, that is a good way to talk. All of us—one tribe and another—living about here are pretty bad; when any man is traveling around, who we see on the road, we kill him. All the tribes do the same thing. It is not right. If a man wants to go to some place to visit another tribe, to stay there or trade, that is a good thing. We have been pretty bad to each other in the past; now we should not be so any more. I want it stopped."[2]

Then the Apache chief talked in his own language, but the others did not understand him. The Havasupai asked the Yavapai, "Do the Apache understand how to talk your language?" and the latter replied, "Yes, they talk it." The Yavapai said to the Apache, "You can talk our language to the Havasupai; they will understand what you say." Then the Apache chief repeated what the Havasupai and Yavapai chiefs had said.

[1] Here rather is a recognition that the chiefs are thought of as priests by the Hopi, or it may be this was one of the ceremonial leaders.

[2] These colloquies bear out the Havasupai view that the primary function of a chief is spokesman for his people.

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539 The Oraibi chief spoke last. He said to the Yavapai chief, "I know you; I do not believe you. You come here and when you talk to us you always talk crooked. I think that perhaps when you go back, when you are in your home again, you will think more and finally decide to go out to fight. I think that you came to fight with us, because you came with so many men, but you see the Havasupai and ourselves here, and you think we are too many for you, so you talk of being friends. The Navaho are just like you. They come here and say 'all right,' then they go and do wrong. They do not talk honestly. We stay here; we do not travel far. We walk down into that valley to plant our corn, and we are afraid for the enemy: 'Perhaps an enemy will come and kill me while I am working in the valley,' I think. So while I am working I look all around. I do not work very long: I come right back; then I sally down again. That is what I have to do all the time. I would like all the different tribes to be good, to travel around and visit, to go alone and sleep by the road. That would be fine. What you say sounds good, for then I can work well. I will not have to watch out for the enemy any more. I can plant and hoe and tear out the weeds in safety. I want you, the big chief of the Yavapai, to repeat what you said so that I can hear you. Then it will be good. Say again, 'You are sure you will not fight any more.' Say it once more, and that will be all," he said.[1] The Yavapai chief said, "I talk just one way. Certainly we are not going to be enemies any more." Then the Hopi, Havasupai, Apache, and Yavapai men all said, "That is a pretty good way we have settled it now. All we have to say is finished."

Wasákwivámă said, "The Paiute have been enemies for a long time: they came and fought us. The Paiute chief came over and said he was not going to fight us any more. He said they would be good friends to the Havasupai. It is all right over there now, too. The Navaho are just the same; we met them and they came down to stay with us. We talked it over and they said they would be our good friends, too. Only you Yavapai had not said you would be good. Now we meet you here and you say so, so all will be well now." Everybody clapped their hands and cried out, "It is finished all right now." Wasákwivámă said, "It is all right now." Then he took a big blanket from beside him and threw it down before the Yavapai chief as a present. Captain Navajo did the same, and so did the Oraibi chief. The Yavapai chief gave a buckskin to the Hopi chief. Then they said, "It is all right now. Look around for anything you want, and trade. Perhaps the Hopi men and women will prepare provisions

[1] This is very characteristic of Havasupai truculence as well.

1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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and tomorrow you can go back. We will all go the same day: you Apache and Yavapai go your way, and we Havasupai will go back home too."[1] 539

The Havasupai came back from Oraibi to where I stayed with the women gathering piñon nuts. After a while, when a little snow had fallen, we saw signal fires over at gîtcḳwâ [the head of Cataract Canyon]. We saw a big smoke, then another nearer, and more, always nearer. A Havasupai man went in that direction to see. He met the Yavapai coming. They said, "We are coming down to your people's village to visit. We are going to be friends. That is what I said at Oraibi. I want you to go right back and tell your people, so they will know I am coming." That man came back and told that the Yavapai were coming. The Yavapai came to a group of Havasupai camped near the Moki trail. Then one of these went around to tell all the Havasupai to gather to see them. So we moved down there, too. I saw them there with my own eyes. Then we made one big house for all the chiefs to gather in. The other Havasupai kept coming. Each family made a little circular wall of green piñon branches to camp in temporarily.

Then they talked. First the Yavapai chief spoke: "We talked already at Oraibi: we met you there. I will talk again the same way. We would like to trade. We have some buckskins here which we will give you. We will not trade these; we are friends." Then the Havasupai chief spoke the same way: "We are relatives now. That is a good way. That is all. We will play now." The women prepared a dance ground and stood beside the Yavapai youths. We had a good time. The Yavapai stayed for a long while before they went back. The Havasupai stayed there until spring; then they all went down directly to the village. The Havasupai big chief said, "We have talked it over with them, and are now good friends. So you can make big fields and make good houses to live in. We do not have to climb on the ledges to live any more. All is well now: go do this."

When the corn was four or five inches high some young Yavapai men came. They now began to travel back and forth between their country and ours. They traded buckskins for dried corn and blankets. Those who wanted to make friends gave presents; they did not trade.

[1] I think there can be little doubt that the willingness of the Yavapai and Apache to make peace at this time (1868–70) is due less to any fundamental friendliness, than to the fact that the California-bound immigrants, who now were rolling westward through southern Arizona, were a more lucrative prey. Raids were now southward, instead of northward. The last raid on the Havasupai was in 1865–66. The Apache and associated groups were subdued in 1870–73. Yet, white occupation of central Arizona might not have prevented northward raids until as much as thirty years after the last one.

1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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539 When the crops were ripe, they brought their families with them, and stayed down here and ate our bounty. Then I saw that all was well, and I felt better. I was not afraid any more. In those days when I heard the coyotes and owls call, I felt very much afraid.[1]

That is the way they talked to make the Yavapai stop killing people.

[1] Quotes indicate the calls of wolf, coyote, screech- and horned owls.

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

CHAPTER XIV

THE HAVASUPAIS AND THEIR LEGENDS

IN almost every case one finds a variety of differing legends related by the Indians of any tribe upon the same subject. As the Wallapais and Havasupais are cousins, one would naturally expect their legends to have some things in common. How much this is so will be seen by a comparison of the following story with that of the Wallapai Origin Legend.

"The two gods of the universe," said O-dig-i-ni-ni'-a, the relator of the mythic lore of the Havasupais, "are Tochopa and Hokomata. Tochopa he heap good. Hokomata heap han-a-to-op'-o-gi — heap bad — all same white man's devil. Him Hokomata make big row with Tochopa, and he say he drown the world.

"Tochopa was full of sadness at the news. He had one daughter whom he devotedly loved, and from her he had hoped would descend the whole human race for whom the world had been made. If Hokomata persisted in his wicked determination she must be saved at all hazard. So, working day and night, he speedily prepared the trunk of a pinion tree by hollowing it out from one end. In this hollow tree he placed food and other necessaries, and also made a lookout window. Then he brought his daughter, and telling her she must go into this tree and there be sealed up, he took

8:James T-8 (ca. 1900) 1903
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a sad farewell of her, closed up the end of the tree, and then sat down to await the destruction of the world. It was not long before the floods began to descend. Not rain, but cataracts, rivers, deluges came, making more noise than a thousand Hack-a-tai-as (Colorado River) and covering all the earth with water. The pinion log floated, and in safety lay Pu-keh-eh, while the waters surged higher and higher and covered the tops of Hue-han-a-patch-a (the San Franciscos), Hue-ga-wōōl-a (Williams Mountain), and all the other mountains of the world.

"But the waters of heaven could not always be pouring down, and soon after they ceased, the flood upon the earth found a way to rush into the sea. And as it dashed down it cut through the rocks of the plateaus [823] and made the deep Chic-a-mi-mi (canyon) of the Colorado River (Hack-a-tai-a). Soon all the water was gone.

"Then Pu-keh-eh found her log no longer floating, and she peeped out of the window Tochopa had placed in her boat, and, though it was misty and almost dark, she could see in the dim distance the great mountains of the San Francisco range. And near by was the canyon of the Little Colorado, and to the north was Hack-a-tai-a, and to the west was the canyon of the Havasu.

"The flood had lasted so long that she had grown to be a woman, and, seeing the water gone, she came out and began to make pottery and baskets as her father long ago had taught her. But she was a woman. And what is a woman without a child in her arms or nursing at her breasts? How she longed to be a mother! But where was a father for her child? Alas! there was no man in the whole universe!

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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"Day after day longings for maternity filled her heart, until, one morning, — glorious happy morning for Pu-keh-eh and the Havasu race, — the darkness began to disappear, and in the far-away east soft and new brightness appeared. It was the triumphant Sun coming to conquer the long night and bring light into the world. Nearer and nearer he came, and at last, as he peeped over the far-away mesa summits, Pu-keh-eh arose and thanked Tochopa, for here, at last, was a father for her child. She conceived, and in the fulness of time bore a son, whom she delighted in and called In-ya'-a — the son of the Sun.

"But as the days rolled on she again felt the longings for maternity. By this time she had wandered far to the west and had entered the beautiful canyon of the Havasu, where deep down between the rocks were several grand and glorious waterfalls, and one of these, Wa-ha-hath-peek-ha-ha, she determined should be the father of her second child.

"When it was born it was a girl, and to this day all the girls of the Havasupai are 'daughters of the water.'

"As these two children grew up they married, and thus became the progenitors of the human race. First the Havasupais were born, then the Apaches, then the Wallapais, then the Hopis, then the Paiutis, then the Navahoes.

"And Tochopa told them all where they should live. The Havasupais and the Apaches were to dwell in Havasu Canyon, the former on one side of the Havasu (blue water), and the latter on the other side, and occupy the territory as far east as the Little Colorado and south to the San Francisco Mountains. The Wallapais were to roam in the country west of Havasu Canyon, and the

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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Hopis and Navahoes east of the Little Colorado, and the Paiutis north of the big Colorado.

"And there in Havasu Canyon, above their dancing-place, he carved on the summit of the walls figures of Pu-keh-eh and A-pa-a to remind them from whom they were descended. Here for a long time Havasupais and Apaches lived together in peace, but one day an Apache man saw a most beautiful Havasu woman, and he fell in love with her, and he went to his home and prayed and longed and ate his heart out for this woman who was the wife of another. He called upon Hokomata, the bad god, to help him, and Hokomata, always glad to foment trouble, told him to pay no attention to the restrictions placed upon him by Tochopa, but to cross the Havasu, kill the woman's husband, and steal her for his own wife.

"The Apache heeded this evil counsel and did so.

"When the Havasupais discovered the wrong that had been done them, and the great disgrace this Apache had brought upon the tribe, they counselled together, and determined to drive out the Apaches from their canyon home. No longer should they be brothers. They bade the Apaches be gone, and when they refused, fell upon them and drove them out. Up the rocks near Hue-gli-i-wa the Apaches climbed, and to this day the marks of their footsteps may be seen. They were driven far away to the south and commanded never to come north of the San Francisco Mountains. Hence, though originally they were brothers, there has ever since been war between the people of the Havasu and the Apaches.

"Then, to remind them of the sure punishment that comes to evil-doers. Tochopa carved the great stone

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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figures of the Apache man and the Havasupai squaw so that they could be seen from above and below, and there to this day the Hue-gli-i-wa remain, as a warning against unlawful love and its dire consequences."

Here is another story told by a shaman of the Havasupais of the origin of the race. It is interesting and instructive to note the points of similarity and difference.

"In the days of long ago a man and a woman (Hokomata and Pukeheh Panowa) lived here on the earth. By and by a son was born to them, whom they named Tochopa. As he grew up to manhood Pukeheh Panowa fell in love with him and wished to marry him, but he instinctively shrank from such incestuous intercourse. The woman grew angry as he repelled her, and she made a number of frogs which brought large volumes of water. Soon all the country began to be flooded with water, and Hokomata found out what was the matter. He then took Tochopa and a girl and placed them in the trunk of a pinion tree, sealed it up, and sent them afloat on the waters. He stored the tree with corn, peaches, pumpkins, and other food, so they would not be hungry, and for many long days the tree floated hither and thither on the face of the waters. Soon the waters began to subside, and the tree grounded near to where the Little Colorado now is. When Tochopa found the tree was no longer floating he knocked on the side, and Hokomata heard him and came and let him out. As he stepped on the ground he saw Huchanapatcha (the San Francisco Mountains), Huegadawiza (Red Butte), Huegawōola (Williams Mountain), and he said: "I know these mountains. This is not far from my country. And the water ran down the Hack-a-tha-eh-la (the salty stream, or the Little Colorado) and made Hack-

3:James T-5 (ca. 1900) 1903
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a-tai-a (the Grand Canyon of the Colorado). Here he and his wife lived until she gave birth to the son and daughter as before related."

The way the Wallapai became a separate people is thus related by the Havasupais:

"A long time ago the animals were all the same as Indians, and the Indians as the animals. The Coyote he lived here in Havasu Canyon. One time he go away for a long time and he catch 'em a good squaw, and by and bye he have a little boy.

"The little boy grew up to be a man, and he went up on top (out of the canyon, upon the higher plateaus), and there he found two squaw. It heap cold on top, and he get two squaw to keep him warm when he go to sleep. Then he came back to Havasu, and when his papa (the Coyote) saw his two squaws he said: 'I take this one. One squaw enough for you.' But the boy was angry and said one squaw was not enough. 'When I lie down to sleep I heap cold. Squaw she heap warm. Two squaw keep me warm.' The Coyote told his son not to talk; he must be content with one squaw and go to sleep. And the squaw was proud that the Coyote had made her his wife, and she began to taunt the boy, and when he replied she asked the Coyote to tell his boy not to talk. And the Coyote was mad and spoke angrily to his boy.

"When he awoke in the morning his son was gone. And ten sleeps passed by and still he did not come back, so the Coyote tracked him up Wallapai Canyon, and went a long, long way. He reached the hilltop and still he did not find his son. At last, a long, long way off he saw him, and he changed him into a mountain sheep. Then a lot more mountain

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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sheep came and ran with the Coyote's son, and the Coyote could not tell which of the band was his boy. He looked and looked, but it was all in vain. He tried to change his boy back again, so that he would no longer be a mountain sheep, but, as he could not tell which was his boy, his efforts were in vain, and he had to go back to Havasu alone.

"For a long time the boy remained as a mountain sheep, until the horns had grown large upon his head. Then he changed himself back to a man, and he found his squaw there, waiting for him, and that is why, to this day, the Wallapai is to the Havasupai the A-mu-u or mountain sheep."

The origin of the Hopis is thus related by the Havasupais:

"Long time ago two men were born near Mooney Falls. They were twins, yet one was big man, and the other a little big. They came up into this part of the canyon (where the Havasupais now live). It was no good in those days. There was no water and it was 'heap hot.' The little big man he say: 'I no like 'em stay here. Let us go hunt 'em good place to live where we catch plenty water, plenty corn.' So they left the canyon and climbed out where the Hopi trail now is. Here they stayed in the forest some time, hunting and making buckskin. After they had got a large bundle of buckskins dressed, they put them on their backs and began to walk on to seek the country of lots of water, where plenty of corn would grow. But it was hot weather and the load was heavy, and they soon grew so very tired that the smaller brother began to cry. As they walked on he cried more and more,

3:James T-5 (ca.1900) 1903
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773 539 until when they came to the hilltop looking down to the Little Colorado River, he said: 'I cannot go any farther. I am going to lie down here and go to sleep.' So they both went to sleep, and when they woke up the big brother said: 'Where you go? You no walk long way. You heap tired.'

"And the little brother answered: 'I no like go farther. I go back Havasu. I catch 'em water there.'

"'All right!' replied the big brother, 'I no like Havasu. I go hunt water and plant corn and watermelons and sunflowers. You go back to Havasu.'

"And he gave him a little bit of corn, and that explains why the Havasupais can grow only a small amount of corn in their canyon, though it is exceedingly sweet and delicious.

"But the big brother went on and found the places now occupied by the Hopi, and he settled there. And as he had taken lots of corn with him and he planted it, that explains" (to the Havasupai mind) "why the Hopi has so much corn.

"And the smaller brother found water when he got back to Havasu, and he planted his corn, and cared for it, and went and hunted and caught the deer and made buckskin. Then he found a squaw who made baskets, and helped him make mescal, and they stopped there all the time.

"The Hopi brother learned to make blankets, but no buckskin, so when he wants buckskin he has to come to his smaller brother in Havasu Canyon."

172 173 361 In the early days the Havasupais were undoubtedly cliff-dwellers, for in a score or more places in their canyons are houses in the cliffs — some of them inacces-

ineligibility to subsequent eligibility for marriage, as reported by Opler (1941, 82). 881 182

Among the Havasupai, the puberty ceremony's most important function may be for the girl herself. Attentions given her during the ritual puberty observance tend to: (1) dramatize a difficult experience for her by treating it as one of relative importance; (2) sustain and reinforce her ego by verbal delineation of her prospective roles, and by indirect acknowledgment of her newly acquired status; and (3) minimize possible unpleasantness of the physiological change involved by directing a girl's attention toward the ritual and its symbolism, and by emphasizing importance of her future womanly duties toward her family.

Initial fright felt by a pubescent girl living at home might easily be forgotten in the reassurance offered by the puberty ceremony and its accompanying attentiveness to the girl by her mother or another close relative.

Puberty for boys is not marked by ceremony. Perhaps the closest thing corresponding to puberty ritual was the recognition which formerly accompanied a boy's first successful deer hunt. A youth was not permitted to eat any of his first kill. He divided it instead among relatives and friends or among other hunters.

While some form of the puberty ceremony usually is performed for a girl of today, a boy no longer has the opportunity of achieving recognition through his mastery of hunting techniques. The Havasupai, of course, are restricted to hunting during annual game seasons. Wild animals no longer play an important part in their economy. [224]

Mythical Origin of Menstruation

A folktale describing the manner in which menstruation came about is incorporated in a longer story. Only the part concerning menstruation is narrated here. 841 539 773

"Long ago when the world was still wet, before the human race was here, and when the animals were like human beings, Squirrel lived in the San Francisco Mountains. One day he took the tibia of a deer and painted on it a design. After sundown, he threw the bone to the east with a prayer that a young girl would come to him with the next rising sun. The girl came just as Squirrel had prayed she would. She lived happily for a time there at the camp with her guardian, Squirrel, and her brothers, Coyote and White Dog.

"One day Coyote called to his sister saying, 'Sister, you must stay here while I go out to hunt.' After the girl had waited awhile, Coyote returned carrying a fawn he had killed. The girl was glad to see the fawn and sat

841 nearby thinking how good the meat would taste. While Coyote was butcher-
773 ing, she felt of the fawn's smooth hair and touched his ears and face. Pres-
539 ently, Coyote asked the girl to hand something to him, and when she turned away to reach it, Coyote put his hand in the fawn's fresh blood and flipped it upon the girl's thighs close to her vagina. The Coyote cried out, 'Oh, Sister, you are menstruating. Now you cannot eat meat until you are clean after four days have passed.' The girl was angry because she couldn't eat the meat. Coyote said to her, 'From now on it will happen like this to you once every month. After four days you must bathe.' Thus it was Coyote who caused the girl to have the monthly illness, and all girls have had it since that time.

"The girl went to bed unhappy and next morning when she awoke she was still angry with her brother, Coyote, so she left the camp early, saying nothing to her relatives. She ran away to a land in the west where she lived from that time on."

The Puberty Ceremony and Folklore

145 Havasupai girls are expected to reach puberty at 12 or 13 years but young women reported initial menses occurring from ages 11 through 17.

881 In childhood, a girl is shielded from knowledge of menstruation, although
864 it seems likely that some girls learn the physiological facts early from con-
841 tacts with older sisters or girl friends. Also, women informants speak frankly and without embarrassment both of menstruation and childbirth in the presence of children of both sexes. Although, in several cases, little girls listened with interest to interviews on these subjects, it is possible that they did not fully comprehend the discussion, especially since English terms were
[192] used. In Havasupai, the term for menstruation ȧhu ǂ tĭga literally means the quality of being red, that is reddish (Spier, 1928, 326). Blood was recorded as ȧhuȧ́t' and red as ȧhuȧ́'ta by this investigator.

841 Living arrangements afford little privacy. Old style hogans and other
864 house types consist of one room, and the newer houses have only one or two
862 rooms. A menstruating woman usually goes to the toilet area to care for herself, first to find privacy, and second, to bury her soiled menstrual pad. Since the toilet area almost always is located in some brush near camp, a little girl may chance to observe her mother or an older sister there. In 1952, a nine-year-old girl, who persistently questioned her older sister about the purpose of packaged sanitary napkins, was repeatedly offered the explanation that they were used to bandage injured arms or legs. When an *uninformed little girl observes the initial puberty ceremony, she may* be told that this is a treatment "for aching all over." This explanation may seem plausible by analogy with the therapeutic function of the sweatbath.

The Puberty Dress

881 In former times a buckskin dress cut to the same pattern as that worn
292 for daily attire was made for use during a girl's first menses by one of the
[622] men who knew how to do it. Chiefs are said to have fulfilled this function, while medicine men had no such role.

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when the bathers come out they plunge into the stream, or lie on the sand and rest until their turn again. 515 517

Horse racing is patterned after foot racing of former times. The race is to a point and return. Considerable attention is given to the preparation of the course on which the race is to be held, also to the selection of horses. Races are usually for stakes and on special occasions, as the Peach Dance, a purse is offered the winner. The horsemen do not jockey for a start, but start from stand-still. 544 525

Men and boys often hold wrestling contests. The contestants approach each other in a slightly crouching position and lock their arms around each other's body. Kicking and striking are not permitted. The winner must be able to hold his man flat on the ground. 526

The Havasupai children are expert swimmers, often learning the art very young. Mothers toss the small children in the creek of deep water and in almost no time they paddle their way to the bank, one would hardly say they are taught to paddle for it seems to come instinctively. 868 481

As canyon climbers the Havasupai probably surpass all other tribes. Their muscles are developed by constant practice and they run up and down the steep canyon trails in a manner to excite the envy of our college athletes. 481 147

When an individual is very ill and it is feared that he may die, relatives gather and begin to wail. A corpse is laid with the head to the northwest, the hair washed in yucca suds, and the face painted. Clothes are usually furnished by friends and relatives. The following day every one gathers to mourn with the family. The chiefs talk of the past life of the deceased and admonish the relatives to care for the property of the deceased and not to commit suicide. Formerly the Havasupai cremated their dead but now they are buried. Each family has a burial plot. When death occurs in a house the family moves out for a few months. Personal possessions are buried. In recent years the custom of burning personal treasures has not been as universal as formerly. 763 764 423 768

RELIGION

The Havasupai creation myth and other legends are very similar to those of the Mohave and Yuma Indians living along the Colorado River. 171 773

In the Beginning there were two gods of the Universe. Tochopa was a good god and Hokomata was very bad. The good god had a very beautiful daughter, Ter,keh-eh,(1) from whom he hoped would descend the whole human race to inhabit the big world. The wicked god seemed to possess the most magical power and to demonstrate it he proudly boasted he would flood the world and destroy all creation. The good god, Tochopa, fearing he would do this, made a boat of hollow pinon log in which he hoped to save his daughter. In this log he placed necessary food and other articles and also made a lookout window. Then he brought his daughter, and telling her she must get in the log and there be sealed up, he took a sad farewell of her, closed up the end of the log and waited for the destruction of the world. It was not long before the floods began to descend. Not rain, but cataracts, rivers, and deluges came covering all the earth with water. The log floated and in safety lay Pu-keh-eh while the water rose higher and higher covering all the mountains. After a while the flood ceased and the water found a way to rush into the sea. As it dashed down it cut through rocky plateaus and made the deep canyons of the Colorado River. Soon all the water was gone and the earth began to dry. The girl found her log no longer floating. She peeped out of the window her father had placed in her boat, and, though it was misty and 539

(1) Sources of mythology here given are a Havasupai informant; Parish, History of Arizona; and The Redman, a bulletin of mythology printed at the Phoenix Indian School. 115 127

539 almost dark, she could see in the distance the outline of the moun-
773 tains of the San Francisco peaks and nearby to the north the Canyon of the Colorado and to the west the Canyon of the Havasu. The flood had lasted so long that Pu-keh-eh had grown to womanhood. Seeing the water gone, she came out and began to weave baskets and make pottery as her father had taught her before the flood. She was very lonely and longed for her father, but she had to live alone a long time in the dark dismal world.

Many months of darkness had passed but one morning the darkness began to disappear and in the east a faint brightness appeared. The maiden knew that the triumphant sun was coming to conquer the long night and bring light into the world. During the time of waiting for light the girl had a great longing for a child. But where was a father for her child? There wasn't a man in the world.

When the sun rose in the east she decided he should be the father of her child. She conceived and in the fullness of time bore a son whom she called the Son of the Sun.

As time passed she again longed for maternity. Later Pu-keh-eh had a daughter. When these two children grew up they married and thus became the progenitors of the human race. The Havasupai were created first, then the Apache, the Hualapai, the Hopi, the Paiute, and last the Navaho. Tochopa told them where they should live. The Havasupai and Apache were to stay in Cataract Canyon, the former on one side of the creek and the latter on the other side, and occupy the country east to the Little Colorado and south to the San Francisco mountains. The Hualapai were to remain in the country west of Cataract Canyon, the Navaho, and Hopi east of the Little Colorado, and the Paiute north of the Big Colorado.

For a long time the Havasupai and Apache lived together in peace, but one day an Apache man saw a beautiful Havasupai woman. He fell in love with her and longed to take her for his wife, but she was the wife of another. He finally called upon Hokomata, the wicked god, to help him. Hokomata, always glad to make trouble, told the Apache to pay no attention to the restrictions placed upon him by Tochopa, but to go to the home of the woman and kill her husband, then take her for his own wife. The Apache heeded this evil advice, killed the man and took the woman for his own. When the Havasupai discovered the crime that had been committed and the disgrace this Apache had brought upon them, they counselled together and decided to drive the Apaches from the Canyon. No longer should they be one people. They commanded the Apache people to leave, but the latter refused to move. The Havasupai then set upon them and drove them far to the south. Although they were originally brothers, there has been a feeling of enmity between them ever since.

771 Religion is only slightly developed and occupies but a minor place in Havasupai life. "Ceremonialism is meager and interest in the supernatural is neither comprehensive nor developed in systematic form."(1)
782 Prayers are addressed to the earth, sun, rocks, trees, wind, and water. When praying to the sun a man draws his hands down over his face as he blows to brush the evil away.

776 Every human has a soul in his heart which leaves his body at death,
774 but not when he dreams or is unconscious. The soul of the dead may
766 appear as a ghost; in a short dark form. Usually only *shamans* see ghosts, or rather, their familiar spirits pursue them at night and give
781 account of their conduct; occasionally others see them. If a ghost appears to a person it is an evil omen—a member of his family will soon die or he may meet with an accident. Ghosts are said always to be
775 forebearers of evil; anyone seeing or hearing one will immediately be-
769 come sick. Children and some older people are afraid to go about alone

(1) Spier, Havasupai Ethnography, p. 278.

ward glance at his own threadbare soldier coat and well-patched breeches.] I am young [he was nearly fifty], but am I not old enough to remember how my people dug the soil with wooden hoes, or cut the poles of their cabins with stone axes, and skinned the deer with a knife of flint? No; I take the father of the Land of Sunrise [Washington] by the hand, and my father of the Land of Sunset [General Wilcox] do I grasp by the hand, that we may look one upon another with smiling faces."

The worship of the Ha-va-su-pai consists of prayers, made during their smokes, or at the hunting shrines, which are merely groups of rude pictographs along nooks or caves in the walls of the cañon. Here, seated on the ground, the worshiper blows smoke to the north, west, south, and east, upward and downward; then says, in a low tone, some simple prayer, only one of which, addressed to the spirit of the Deer-god, I was able to record: —

"Let it rain, that grass may grow for the deer.
Go not away, O deer, from my arrows and weapons.
Thou art ours; by thee do we live.
Go not away, but remain to minister to our wants, to accept of my sacrifices."

The Ha-va-su-pai believes that the source of his river is sacred and pure; that polluted by the touch of man it would cease to give forth its waters, and the rocks of the cañon would close forever together.

Ko-hót told me, one morning, the following beautiful story of the origin and history of his nation: —

"When the world was new it was covered with waters, save where a single mountain peak to the north looked out above their surface. Here, alone, wandered the great Coyote. Mankind lived in the four dark cave-plains of earth, below this mountain, until, under the guidance of a great cacique, they journeyed up from one to the other, and were finally led out into the light of the

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sun, through a hole in the mountain. No sooner had the leader come out than he was overwhelmed by the bright light and the angry waters, and died; and while the people were weeping and wondering what they should do, the Coyote came, and said to them, 'Burn the body of your father, and scatter the ashes thereof upon the face of the water; then they will begin to dry away and the earth will grow hard.' 'Alas! we have no fire,' said the people. So the Coyote volunteered to fetch it, and forthwith ran far away in search of it. When he had gone, and the people, wondering if he would return, were still mourning, the blue-bottle fly, who was sunning himself on a dry branch, comforted them by saying that he would make fire for them. So, raising his wings, he rubbed them against one another, until the sparks flew out from them and ignited the branch he was perched upon. Then the people collected great quantities of wood, laid the body of the cacique thereon, and set fire to it with the branch the blue-bottle fly had lighted.

"The Coyote, who saw from afar the smoke of the fire they had kindled, was angry, and, running back as fast as he could, came to the place just as the body was consumed. But the heart still remained, and, rushing into the fire, he grabbed it in his mouth, and ran away with it. The fire was so hot that it singed his face and fore-paws: hence, to this day, the faces and fore-paws of the coyote are black. He ate only a part of the heart, burying the rest: hence, also, it is the nature of the coyote to bury his food away in the ground.

"Where the Coyote buried the heart a corn plant grew, and upon its stalks were six ears of corn, — yellow, white, variegated, black, blue, and red: hence, corn, springing from the heart of man, is his life to this day. As the nations of men came out one after another, each was given an ear of corn: yellow to the

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Zuñi, white to the Moqui, variegated to the Northern nations, a very little black to the Apache, and blue to the Hua-la-pai; but the Ha-va-su-paí, coming last, had only a little red ear given them by the fathers [gods].

"Now they did not know how they could live on the small portion that had been given them. So the Coyote, when he heard them bemoaning their lot, came and told them to follow his example: therefore our fathers became a nation of hunters. As the waters of the world dried and flowed away, the face of the earth cracked, and was worn full of deep cañons. One of these cañons was very narrow and filled with rattlesnakes. This was the cañon of the Ha-va-su-paí; [NT6] and down in a grotto, under the falls, lived a great goddess, Ka-mu-iu-dr-ma-giu-iu-é-ba, or 'Mother of the Waters.' She was wooed by the rattlesnakes, and bore two sons, Ha-ma-u-giu-iu-é-ba, or 'Children of the Waters.' Upon the head of each was a great flint knife. Now the earth became so dry that our forefathers had but little water to drink, and, wandering about in search of it, came to the brink of the cañon; but they could not enter because of the rattlesnakes. So the two boys slew the rattlesnakes with their magic flint knives, and widened the rocks above the home of their mother. Then they guided them down the cañon, and built little houses high up among the cliffs; for the Apache Mojaves came in, too, and disputed possession with them. As the two children led the people down the cañon, they made their hand-prints on the walls, and painted the animals which should serve as food for their people. And these marks still remain on the rocks, and thither we go when we wish to secure the deer, or to ask for rain. When, at last, they reached the home of their mother, she told them that this should be their home forever; that it was not good to live on meat alone, but that they should build houses

773 there, and plant the ear of corn they
539 had, and it would be a means of life.
So they did as she told them, and the Apache Mojaves lived above them, where the cañon was narrower. For a long time all was well, until a young Ha-va-su-paí man stole an Apache Mojave girl, which caused strife, and wars ensued, so that the Apache Mojaves were driven away. For this reason we live alone in the cañon.

"But, alas! the Coyote ate a part of the heart of the great cacique: hence, only during summer do we live in the home of the Mother of the Waters, and plant as she told us; but in winter we have to follow the deer with our father, the Coyote, and live only as he does, in houses of grass and bark; for the Mother of the Waters grew sad when her people became so foolish, and, leaving only one of her sons to take care of them, she went away to her home among the white shells, in the great world of waters.

[221 166]

"Do you Americans," said the old

[P. 559 A]

man, as he ceased, with a sigh of longing, "never see the Mother of the Waters, when you wander along the shores of the great ocean?"

"Oh, yes," I said, and then I told him the story of the mermaid; and, happy almost to tears, he added, "Alas! I cannot tell you more, for the only books our fathers gave us were our hearts and our mouths."

A fairy story is this of the Nation of the Willows; and while science teaches us another tale, may we not poetically believe, with these simple natives, that they have always lived here, apart from the world of nations; that ever since they wandered forth from the four fertile wombs of mother earth, this little strip of land and river and willow, and the great rock-walls, so near together, yet so sublime and impassable, have bounded their generations of life, have had shadows cast on them by the smoke-clouds of the numberless funeral pyres of all their unnamed dead?

F. H. Cushing.

[P. 559B]

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[For the texts of various Havasupai myths and legends, see category 116, pp. 31-110.]

stood shuffling in place near the women's side, repeating the song, two or three times, before continuing to dance several minutes more. There appeared to be no signal to let the women know when the dance would end, and a few times the women followed the men to their side and were left standing when the men sat down. The women would giggle and run quickly to their chairs. 765 [533] [535]

On the whole, behavior of participants and spectators was respectful. Children occasionally moved around, but most slept throughout the funeral. At times, however, some of the young people in groups near the perimeter of the dance area talked and laughed as they drank coffee, and adults in the ceremony seemed not to pay close attention to the speeches. [A similar Walapai funeral that I attended at Hackberry, Arizona, in the summer of 1956 was far less subdued. There was much drinking on the part of the younger men and women who attempted to compete with the adult dances by singing and dancing "rock and roll" music. Frequent harangues by the older mourners did little to curb these semi-intoxicated actions. Otherwise, the Walapai and Havasupai funeral ceremonies were identical.] [71]

Shortly after midnight the men sang a song with a different time, and the dance consisted of a step, a pause, and a shaking or shimmying of the body followed by a step with the opposite foot. The women swung their bodies in time to the music and joined hands all along the line, holding them slightly forward from the body. The men usually did not join hands, although one young boy danced the entire evening with his right arm draped around Neil's neck. 765 535

About 2:00 a. m., at the conclusion of one dance, Teddy danced sideways, using the round dance step. Followed by the men and then the women, he led the way around the area between the two rows of chairs, out the east end to the south. Here the dancers circled Clark and the other mourners who had stood up. After circling and singing several times, the dancers stopped and joined the wailing of the mourners. This was followed by a return of the dancers to their original position.

At 3:35 a. m. a rooster crowed. The sky was dark but filled with bright stars. There was no lightening of the eastern sky, but the people were stirred by a ripple suggesting relief. All night many had kept asking, "Nya gal ge?," ("What is the time?"). 765

About 4:30 several people became very drowsy during a long speech by Arthur. In this he spoke philosophically about the Havasupai pantheon and their native religion. [539]

796 This indication was due not only to the dance form with the inclusion of a cen-
533 ter pole and the fact that some dancers seemed to be in a trance, but also
177 that Teyadjáva and Gatágama learned their songs from Southern Paiute ghost dance advocates. One of our informants discussed this as follows:

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"A group of Supais crossed the Colorado River and went to St. George [Utah] because they heard about the dance that makes the dead come alive again. Teyadjáva during the night took some Paiute songs and made them [into] Supai songs. Supai Jack said that Teyadjáva didn't dream these [in contradistinction to Spier (1928, 264)] but during the night a Paiute came to his bed and made this song and told Teyadjáva, 'If you sing this song, you will find more songs added to it. I am the one that's giving songs to people that roam in this area.'

"Next morning, on their way home, Teyadjáva saw things like timber, mountains, waterholes and springs. These things came into his heart and from that, the person he saw gave him more, night or day, round dance songs. He could make them up, some way, but didn't understand how.

"From there he made up some danger songs like he hear thunder, lightning strike walls or tree; hits close to person; kills them. He made it into a song, lightning song, but he didn't want to use it; it's a danger song. He had many of those songs, but somehow he lost track of making better songs. He got sick by singing those things. Later on the man who had come to his bed kept watching wherever he goes, and he got witched from him, a medicine man or whatever he was. A medicine man sang over him and couldn't tell what was wrong. Finally he went to a Walapai medicine man to cure him. That medicine man said he saw two men: ' You make these songs until you make better songs. They're keeping track to see if you make better ones. Somehow they have witched you. I can't cure you.' From there he got worse and finally died. My father said when he went hunting with Teyadjáva he always saw things or even at home and always made new songs. He finally died with it.

"Supai Jack and Bert Wescogame stood on either side of Teyadjáva in the round dance and learned songs from him. He told Jack and Bert not to keep the songs after he died, because he died from something serious in the songs and [i.e. The round dance associated with the harvest or peach dance contained a residue of ghost dance elements.]

the same might happen to them later on. 533 539 177 796

"After he died no one sang Teyadjáva's songs for a round dance for quite a few years. Then M knew the songs. When he traveled to other tribes and they asked him for Supai songs, he sang Teyadjáva's songs. Later they thought these might be good songs so now that's all they sing for a round dance.

"I counted songs at the round dance when Supai Jack was leader. I counted 31 or 32 songs. I wanted to see how many songs Jack knew. Jack sang each song twice so the series would last all night. These were Teyadjáva's before Gätágáma's were mixed with them. These are in Supai language. Jack said Teyadjáva had many more songs but this was all Jack remembered.

"Supai Jack and Teyadjáva lived together. They looked for horses and hunted together. That's how Jack heard him make up those songs right along.

"They say he did not have a good singing voice. That's why he picked Jack and Bert who both had good voices. He used to tell ladies not to get between him and Bert and Jack as it spoiled the songs. He always wanted just the three in one place together. They were close enough so he could whisper and tell them which one came next."

There are however, some indications that the Paiute songs used in the ghost dance of 1890 were different from those later made up by Teyadjáva.

"Men who went to St. George brought some Paiute songs home with them for ghost dance. Learned quite a few of them. At ghost dance they sang Paiute songs, did not sing Teyadjáva's songs. In the village they sang Paiute songs. By that time Teyadjáva was also singing his songs. Gätágáma also was singing his own songs."

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Apparently the Paiute ghost dance songs are almost forgotten and, hence, no longer used in the annual round dance. However, other nonmessianic Paiute songs are still in vogue.

We have some data relative to the association of the round dance and scalps (see also Spier, 1928, 251): "If Supai killed an enemy they cut the 535 927

535 727 [533] head off [sic] and hung it up on a pole and made a round dance around it." The songs for such an occasion were different from those delivered at other round dances, and their words concerned the warriors' good fortune in killing the enemy who had come to kill Havasupai. Our informant referred to these as war songs. During these "victory dances" those whose relatives had been killed in an enemy engagement would dance around the pole shouting [not singing] and would shoot at the enemy's head with their arrows. They would shoot either from inside or outside the circle and repeat it every few minutes until the dance ended.

721 727 ● 539 A sidelight concerning the claim that entire heads were taken is to be seen in one informant's remembrance of a raid against the Yavapai.

> "One time a chief and some other people wanted to follow their enemies[who had raided Havasupai village] to their homes beyond Bill Williams Mountain, south where the enemy usually came from. They came to a water hole where it looked like there had been many home sites. Quite a few Havasupai were in the party. They rested their horses and watered there. Then they happened to see a man on a horse on a rise. They knew it was the enemy. He hollered and started down the other side. They knew his spotted horse was stolen from them. They rushed to their horses to follow him. Not far away they overtook him. They had good, fat horses but his was poor and run down. They killed this Apache man[for Apache, read Yavapai] opening his chest, spread it out and laid him flat on the ground. They took his head and tied it to the spotted horse's tail, high enough so they wouldn't lose it on the return trip. On this[north] side of Bill Williams Mountain in the timber the spotted horse was tired so they had to kill it--burned it. From there they packed the head on the tail of another man's horse. They came to Moki Tank. A family lived there. One old lady--her husband died--had a grown boy[who had been killed by Yavapai while out hunting]. They stopped there and put on a round dance with the head on a pole."

535 [177] Spier (1928, 266) reported that masked dances were discontinued 20 years before his study. These dances, undoubtedly adapted from the Hopi, were called gidjiña yvma^{k}? (kachina dance).

Anyone who wanted to put on such a dance could request permission from the subchiefs. Both men and women participated, according to our

●539 packed them inside and lay them side by side with a cover to sleep till their mother returned.

While they slept he took cool charcoal from the fireplace and put them in a line down the center of each child's stomach. Supais say this makes the child sleep longer.

Then Coyote went back under the tree where he could look into the house through the door, and waited.

Later in the evening Bear Woman made a sound like she was approaching the house, her claws hitting against sticks and rocks, moving slowly, so Coyote knew it was hard on her feet. She can't travel fast like other animals. She did as Wolf had said. She put her burden basket down, went inside, looked for her tobacco, lit her pipe, smoked, then used the pipe in her vagina. Coyote watched her do this but he can't wait. Pretty soon Coyote's penis was getting hard. He wanted to wait. He pressed it down, but he just can't wait. So he went to the door and whispered to her, "My aunt, this is the kind they use." So he went in and put his penis in and they had orgasm quickly. Then he tried to pull away, but she tightened her legs and tried to keep him there. Later he felt her legs loosen and tried to jump away, but she tightened up again. He said, "It's getting late. I want to go home." She did this over and over but he could never get away. Then she loosened up and he jumped up above where she lay. She reached for the soft, fleshy muscle on his back beside his backbone where the sinew comes from and grabbed this from his back. Coyote ran quickly away. Bear got up and called. "Coyote, I've got your backbone meat." He said, "That's not my meat. That's your red paint bag." Then Coyote went on his way home. But Coyote really had pain in him. By the time he reached home, he was walking crooked with pain. When he came in and lay down, Wolf was already there. Coyote told Wolf, "My uncle, I came to the place where you sent me. I went there and did what you asked all the way through, but before I left, my aunt asked me to fetch wood. She wanted a long pole to last awhile. I looked around and found a tree with the limbs partly broken. I broke off others and packed the tree on my back. When nearly there I stumbled and fell and scraped the meat off my back. So my aunt told me to come home because I couldn't pack wood farther."

Wolf knew this was false and knew what Coyote had done because he knew the coyote's way.

The next day he sang to Coyote, "I told you what would happen if you fooled with your aunt. I know what you did. Next time I send you over there, you must mind me. I don't want you to get in trouble. She had many relatives living to the north. Don't act that way with her; try to be good to her."